

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

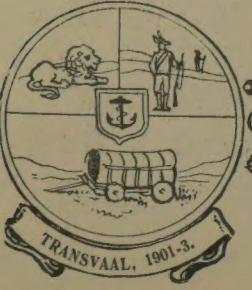
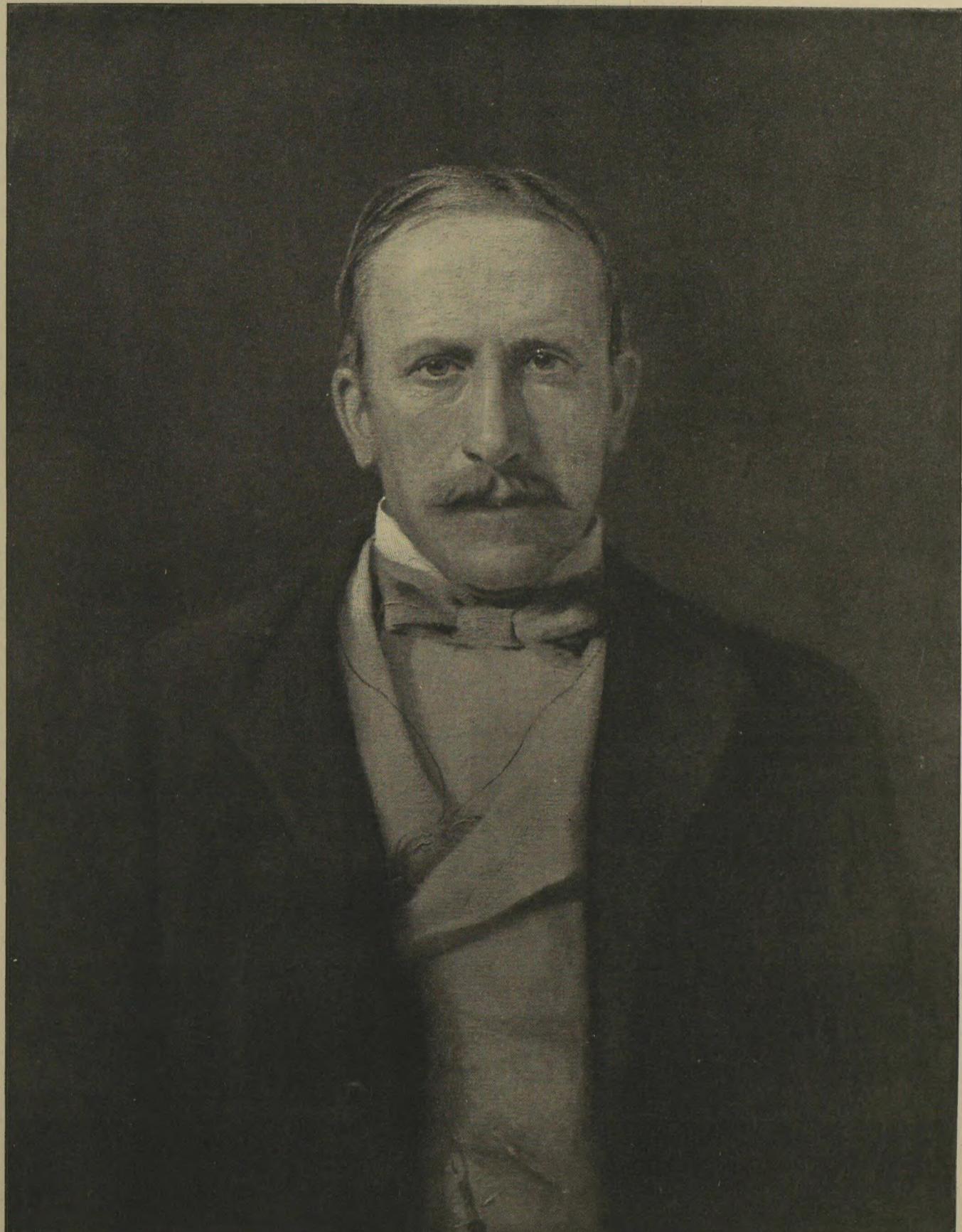
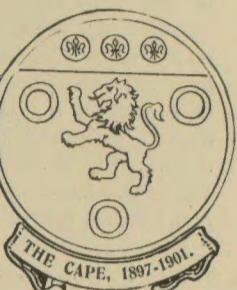
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1903.

SIXPENCE.

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A GREAT COLONIAL STATESMAN: VISCOUNT MILNER, G.C.B.

This hitherto unpublished copyright portrait is from a painting by P. Tennyson Cole.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Mr. Stead has written a brochure, designed to expose the injustice suffered by women in an island where no woman is a soldier, sailor, or engineer. This cannot have been inspired by Julia (whose address, I presume, is still heaven), unless she has the firm conviction, despite her celestial love of peace, that if woman were permitted to wear a cocked hat and a Field-Marshal's uniform, all would be well, instead of abominably ill, at the War Office. Mr. Stead is incensed by the selfish way in which man excludes women from honourable employments. May I direct his attention to a remarkable work, called "One Thousand Ways To Make Money," which has been imported from America? The author shows conclusively that no woman of spirit need be dependent on any man's bounty or patronage. Let her buy an album, and smear each page with soft wax to the depth of one-sixth of an inch. "When a friend calls, slightly heat a page, and request him to lay his hands, palms down, upon it. In that way you can preserve the digits of your friends, and you will be surprised to find that there is as much difference in hands as in faces." When she has a sufficient collection of digits, including Mr. Stead's, the spirited woman will take out a patent. "A novelty of this kind would doubtless be immensely popular, and enable the author to reap a financial harvest."

Thus enriched, and cheered by Mr. Stead's blessing and Julia's, she may try a bold attack on masculine monopoly. Seldom do you see in public places a woman who has the courage to carry a camera. Let her undertake what is called, in the pleasant American idiom, "the Front-Garden Snap." With her "photographer's outfit" she watches the front gardens of the well-to-do, where the children are at play. "Get a child in a most striking position, on a wheel, or in a swing or hammock. Secure parents' consent to take the picture; no matter if they declare that they will not purchase, they will yield when they see a pretty picture of their child. Much money can be made at this." Having established herself in photography, and forced the masculine monopolist to emigrate or take to road-mending, the spirited woman will score still another triumph by going out as a debt-collector. "Every business-man has a large number of accounts, a considerable percentage of which he considers worthless. To anyone who could succeed in collecting them the dealer would give a very large commission, in some cases even amounting to half the bill." Having subdued the debtors by the "persuasive arts of womanhood," and pocketed half the proceeds, why should this accomplished lady not demand a partnership from the man of business, and finally oust him altogether? Being now secure as a capitalist, she can mature her plans for entering the Army or Navy. Meanwhile she may discomfit man again by adopting the profession of architect, for which every woman is qualified, "since it is one in which taste is a chief requisite." In women a taste for architecture is inborn. "Several young ladies have entered the profession recently, and with flattering success. Architects charge about three per cent. on contracts."

As Mr. Stead has often remarked, America is a more progressive land than ours. Women are not yet cadets at West Point, nor in training to be colleagues of Admiral Dewey; but they are clearly preparing for a grand assault upon the insolent monopolists. Mrs. Fish, a leader of fashion in New York, has publicly declared that "brilliant women" waste their time in society, and that they must enter politics. This is a plain challenge to President Roosevelt, who sticks to the old-fashioned notion that it is the duty of women to raise up children for the Republic. Mr. Stead, with his impetuous desire to see further through a milestone than any other man, announces that men regard child-bearing as "the curse of an angry God," dooming women to perpetual subjection; an opinion which no sane person entertains. But the issue between Mrs. Fish and the President is clear and straight. He calls for babies, and she calls for battalions. "Formez vos bataillons!" is her war-cry to the ladies who have hitherto given their minds to fashionable gossip. They must storm the Capitol, and instal Mrs. Fish in the Speaker's chair. Be sure that such an example will stir even our dilatory island. There are omens already. In the "Prophetic Calendar for 1904," issued by the authors of "Wisdom While You Wait," I find this significant entry for Monday, June 13: "Sir James Crichton-Browne challenged to a duel by Miss Marie Corelli for traducing the memory of Mrs. Carlyle. Sir James Crichton-Browne's right whisker shot off at Cheyne Walk." Still more alarming is this forecast of Madame Clara Butt's visit to Berlin: "Thursday, May 19. Madame Clara Butt reviews the Pomeranian Grenadiers and accepts the Honorary Colonelcy of the regiment."

I pointed out these forbidding extracts from an otherwise engaging work to a friend of mine, who is always

deplored the decline of feminine beauty. "Pomeranian Grenadiers!" he groaned. "Yes, it is coming to that. Have you noticed that girls are big now, strapping, good-looking, of course, but with the good looks of the handsome Guardsman? It all comes of letting women earn their own livelihood. Look at the strong line of their eyebrows, the set of the mouth, the firmness of the chin." "All that shows they have grown self-reliant," I suggested. "If Kingsley were with us, he would write his famous ballad over again. 'For women must work, and men must weep.' You weep to see them becoming massive." "True," he sighed; "I shed tears when I think of the dainty, clinging graces of thirty years ago. Give me the downcast eyes which were slowly lifted till they looked into yours with appealing sweetness!" "Oh, indeed!" I said. "But I thought that even in that happy time some bard wrote, 'She gives a side glance and looks down—Beware! Trust her not, she is fooling thee!'" "Well, why not?" he retorted. "Better that than the cool, serene gaze of the woman of business, who doesn't seem to be aware that one is a man!" "Oh, very well!" I said. "Cheer up! Perhaps it will dawn upon her after all."

That terrible Lombroso, by the way, has discovered an unsuspected stigma on woman. When not actually left-handed, she is inclined to "left-handedness" in her "movements and gestures." It is a peculiarity, says the Italian Professor in his pleasantly judicial way, which she shares with criminals, savages, and children. When a man offers a woman his right arm, why does she take it with her left? Do not make the flippant answer that if she takes it with her right, you and she will not get down to dinner unless she walks backwards. You must not encounter the observations of science in that spirit. Moreover, if I may contribute an observation of my own, why does a married woman wear her wedding-ring on her left hand? Is that no mark of subjection? Why are the morganatic marriages of Archdukes called left-handed marriages? Does it not mean a still deeper humiliation for woman? There are people who do not hold Lombroso in great esteem. "Much I fear, King Valoroso, That your conduct is but so-so." So-so, those critics declare, just describes the philosophy of Lombroso. But if I were a woman (O sovereign grace denied by fate!) I should make a point of taking my escort down to dinner by his left arm, and of wearing my wedding-ring on the right hand. Perhaps Mrs. Fish, assisted by Mr. Stead and Julia, will initiate these reforms.

Mr. Barrie, in his new play, has joined the crusade against over-eating. The heroine of the piece is a little fairy who banishes dyspepsia from a noble family by prescribing a simple diet. To be healthy, wealthy, and wise is not to rise early, but to eat one considerable meal a day. Now, this philosophy is imbedded in the great book I have been quoting, "One Thousand Ways To Make Money." The spirited woman is there advised to humiliate the arrogance of man by cooking a dinner for four persons at the modest cost of half-a-crown. If over-eating, as I gravely suspect, be the cause of man's dominion—for everybody knows that woman, although her appetite has grown more robust, cannot compete with the average man when it comes to the knife and fork—then a dinner for four at sevenpence halfpenny a head must seriously modify the competition. The spirited woman who has cooked that repast sits down to it, and eats her share with modest contentment, while the three men at the table simply starve. When she has got him on that regimen, do you think the pride of man will long survive?

No, dear Mr. Pomeroy, "port" does not rhyme with "thought," as you fondly suppose in your letter to the *Saturday Review*, although there is a kinship 'twixt the pair in the writings of some eminent men. Tennyson, for instance, found a pint of this wine a great help to thinking when it was set before him by the "plump head-waiter at 'The Cock,' to which I most resort." Observe, dear Mr. Pomeroy, that "resort" rhymes with "port," also with "snort," an expressive word which, I fancy, indicates the reception which Tennyson would have given to *your* rhyme. You are good enough to say that the objection to rhyming "port" with "thought" is "an absurd journalistic prejudice," and that the objectors, when they speak these words, cannot make the difference of sound plain to your fastidious ear. Try somebody who can utter the letter "r." Mistrust the languid hospitality which invites you to drink a glass of "poult." Be sure that the liquor thus pronounced is not the juice of the grape.

A secondhand bookseller in the City calls attention to his wares by pinning all over them slips of paper, upon which, with a vigorous blue pencil, he has written what he thinks of a certain eloquent divine. The eloquent divine is reported to have said that everybody will go to Heaven, a proposition which the bookseller disputes. Crowds of people are stirred by the blue pencil into buying books. Wine-merchants should blazon their windows thus: "Mr. Pomeroy says that Port rhymes with Thought. OURS DOES NOT!"

LORD MILNER:

"ACER, NON EFFRENUS."

Lord Rosebery, that happy phrasemaker-in-chief to the Empire, summed up Lord Milner when he wrote that "he has the union of intellect with fascination, which makes men mount high." Already in six years or so, the prophecy has been strikingly verified, and the future, no doubt, holds its complete fulfilment.

It will be fifty years next March since this only son was born to Charles Milner, M.D., of Tübingen, and Mary, his wife, the daughter of Major-General Ready, sometime Governor of the Isle of Man. Young Milner was educated at first in Germany, and at King's College, London, and it is perhaps not fanciful to attribute the thoroughness which is characteristic of him both to the German blood which flows in his veins and to his German schooling. At eighteen he was elected to a scholarship at Balliol. At the college which Jowett made great, Milner was closely preceded or followed by such men as Mr. Asquith, Lord Curzon, Sir Edward Grey, and Sir Rennell Rodd, and yet in his own way he made a deeper impression at Oxford than any of these. It was not his success in the schools—though he did very well. It was the impression of his whole personality, which was extraordinarily mature without being in the least priggish—a quality which has stood in the way of not a few otherwise brilliant Balliol men.

After Oxford there came a period when Milner did not seem to "find himself." He was called to the Bar and read in chambers, but loathed it. Journalism interested him for the moment, and he served on the *Pall Mall Gazette* under two particularly stimulating editors, Mr. John Morley and Mr. Stead.

But Milner was altogether too big a man to remain in journalism. At the General Election of 1885 he stood as a Liberal for the Harrow Division, and was handsomely beaten. Some two years later, after that dramatic time when Lord Randolph Churchill "forgot Goschen," he was chosen to be private secretary to the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, the man who had heard and admired an undergraduate effort of his at the Union. Lord Goschen is not a man who ever gives his confidence easily, but when once he does so there are no reservations, and certainly of none of his "young men" did he form so high an opinion as of Milner. Milner, on his side, repaid his chief with devoted service. It is known that at this time he refused divers brilliant offers of advancement elsewhere out of sheer loyalty; and when at last, in 1889, he was sent out to Egypt as Under-Secretary for Finance, it was because his health was failing. His service with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, short as it had been, was extremely educational, for during that time his chief conceived and carried out his famous conversion scheme which gave the name of "Goschens" to a large portion of our Public Debt. Thus Milner knew something about finance when he joined Lord Cromer, then Sir Evelyn Baring.

He remained in Egypt a little more than two years, and it is a striking proof of his intellectual grasp that that short experience enabled him to write on his return home his famous book, "England in Egypt," to the later editions of which his friend and present host in England, Sir Clinton Dawkins, has written an appendix. That book altered our whole point of view towards the work of our countrymen on the Nile.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-two may be called the year of the young men, for it saw Mr. Asquith appointed Home Secretary at forty, and Milner made Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue at thirty-eight. The latter is in some ways the most important post in the whole Civil Service, and yet it was given, amid general approval, to this young man, who was not even a Civil servant. Again, it was Milner's lot to be behind the scenes at the carrying out of a great financial scheme—that of the Death Duties. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir William Harcourt, received invaluable assistance in this difficult piece of reorganisation from Milner, and generously and fully did he afterwards acknowledge the debt.

In 1897 came Milner's appointment as Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa. Men of all shades of opinion united in commanding Mr. Chamberlain's choice, and the High Commissioner received a singular proof of his popularity in the shape of a dinner given in his honour under the presidency of Mr. Asquith. Nominally the feast was private and personal, but, to use Mr. Balfour's phrase on another occasion at the Athenaeum, the gathering was one of such "undiluted distinction" that the light thereof could not be hid under a bushel. There were no fewer than fifteen former Presidents of the Oxford Union present, the guest himself being the sixteenth. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and even Mr. Leonard Courtney—who was afterwards to describe Milner as a "lost soul"—were there.

The eventful six years which followed are fresh in everybody's recollection. How Milner studied the South African problem on the spot, how he arrived at certain conclusions not to the taste of the Afrikander Bond or of certain sentimental Radicals at home, how he went into conference with Mr. Kruger at Bloemfontein in the late summer of 1899, and how a long and bloody war followed the failure of these negotiations—on all this there is no need to dilate. The Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, the Grand Cross of the Bath, a Barony, and then a Viscountcy of the United Kingdom proclaimed to all the world the confidence which Queen Victoria, and afterwards King Edward, felt in this great servant of the Crown. Through evil report and good report Milner worked on, and the end of the war only served to increase his burdens. His administrative ability found full scope in the difficult and delicate work, first of repatriation, and then of national reconstruction, in the new Colonies. A man of few words, of calm courage, and of extremely dogged persistence, Milner seems the very personification of the motto which he bears beneath his coat-of-arms—"Acer, non effrenus."

F. S. A. L.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AND QUEEN. In the interval of his State cares his Majesty has been enjoying some seasonable sport at Balmoral. Accompanied by the Right Hon. A. Graham Murray, Lord Advocate of Scotland, and Captain Holford, the King took part in a grouse drive on Sept. 29 on Sir Allan Mackenzie's Glen Muick and Brackley Moors. Queen Alexandra is still in Denmark. On the anniversary of the death of Queen Louise, the Queen of England and her father, King Christian, with other members of the royal family, visited the tomb at Roskilde.

LORD MILNER'S RETURN.

The Cabinet crisis has brought back to our shores the ablest of our pro-consuls, who has for the past few years held the most difficult of our Colonial appointments. On the evening of Sept. 28 his Excellency Lord Milner arrived at Charing Cross, having travelled from Carlsbad by way of Calais and Dover. He alighted almost unobserved, and was welcomed by his old friend, Sir Clinton E. Dawkins. His Excellency informed a Press representative that he would not, as far as he was aware, proceed immediately to Balmoral to visit his Majesty, nor would his Excellency commit himself to any statement regarding his possible acceptance of the Colonial Secretaryship. Lord Milner drove in Sir Clinton Dawkins' automobile to 10, Downing Street, where he had a short interview with Mr. Balfour's secretary. On the following day Mr. Balfour came to London specially to confer with Lord Milner.

THE LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

Charles Henry Gordon-Lennox, K.G., sixth Duke of Richmond, first Duke of Gordon, Earl of March, Earl of Kinrara, and Baron Settrington, Baron Methuen, Earl of Darnley, Duke of Lennox, and Duc d'Aubigny of France, who died on Sept. 27, was born on Feb. 27, 1818, the eldest son of Charles, fifth Duke of Richmond, by his marriage with Lady Caroline Paget, daughter of the first Marquess of Anglesey. Educated at Westminster and at Christ Church, Oxford, he adopted a military career, serving in the Royal Horse Guards from May 1839 until September 1844. He was then placed upon half-pay, but did not retire until July 1881. During his military service

at Eton, joined the Grenadier Guards. He is now Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant and Hon. Colonel of the 3rd Battalion (Militia) of the Sussex Regiment, and is A.D.C. to the King. He saw active service during the recent South African War. The new Duke represented West Sussex from 1869 till 1885, and Chichester from 1885 till 1888. He has been twice

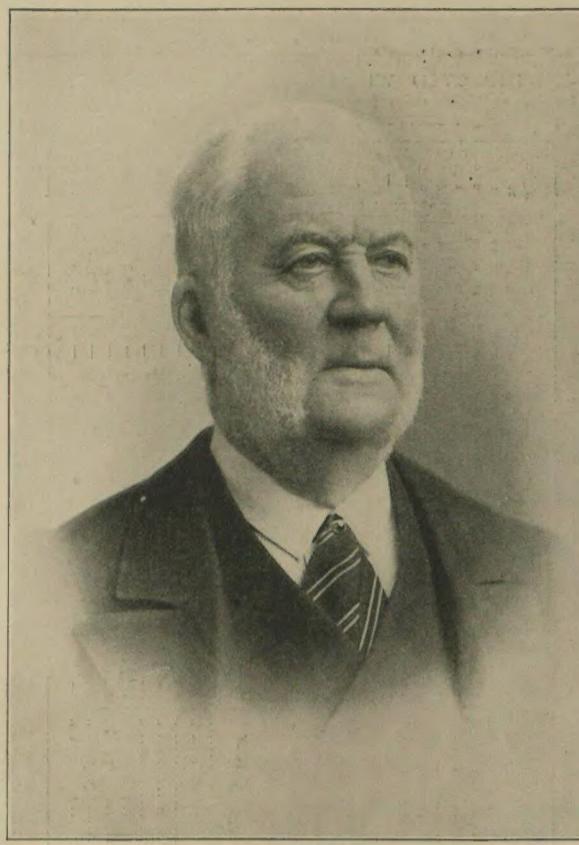


Photo. Russell.
THE LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON,
Born February 27, 1818; Died September 27, 1903.

merchants. His personal popularity made him the strongest candidate his party could have chosen. He has declared against the taxation of food, and in favour of Mr. Balfour's branch of fiscal reform. Mr. Chamberlain is none the less gratified by the victory, which he hails as the first fruits of the new plan of campaign. Sir Harry Johnston, who had counted on winning the seat, has frankly confessed the keenness of his disappointment, and declared that he will not stand at the General Election. At a critical moment Rochester has strengthened Mr. Balfour's hands, although the task of reconstructing the Cabinet has proved unexpectedly difficult. The Unionist Free Food party abstained from the contest, and have renewed their declaration of neutrality pending Mr. Balfour's statement of policy at Sheffield. This is by no means to the taste of the section represented by the *Spectator*, which vehemently remonstrates with the Duke of Devonshire for staying in the Cabinet, and calls for open war against Mr. Balfour's Administration. The gathering at Sheffield promises to be lively beyond precedent, but in the resolutions to be submitted there is a preponderance in favour of the policy avowed by the Prime Minister in conjunction with Mr. Chamberlain.

THE NEW COMMANDER IN MADRAS.

Sir Archibald Hunter is seldom long absent from the immediate service of his friend Lord Kitchener, who has used his influence to get the Commander of the Forces in Scotland appointed Lieutenant-General in command of the Madras Army. Lieutenant-General Hunter served under Kitchener in the Soudan, where he won a reputation which he enhanced in South Africa. He was the first Governor of Omdurman, and had before that been Commandant of the Dongola Provinces. Among his South African exploits was the midnight expedition when, with a few followers, he sallied out from Ladysmith and blew up one of the enemy's most troublesome "Long Toms." In India, Sir Archibald succeeds Sir George Wolseley. General Hunter's Indian experiences began in 1899, when for a short time he held the command in Quetta.

AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT CHANGES.

The formation of the Federal High Court of Justice for the Australian Commonwealth has brought about various official changes. Sir Edmund Barton, who had previously refused the Federal Chief Justiceship, caused some



Photo. Russell.
THE NEW DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.
SUCCEEDED SEPTEMBER 27.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR EDMUND BARTON,
RESIGNED AUSTRALIAN FEDERAL
PREMIERSHIP.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. CHARLES TUFF,
NEW M.P. FOR ROCHESTER.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. DEAKIN,
NEW AUSTRALIAN FEDERAL
PREMIER.



Photo. Bassano.
SIR ARCHIBALD HUNTER,
NEW COMMANDER OF THE
MADRAS ARMY.

he was A.D.C. to the Duke of Wellington when Commander-in-Chief at the Headquarters of the Army, and to his successor, Viscount Hardinge. He had not long attained his majority when he was returned as one of the Knights of the Shire for West Sussex, a constituency which he represented until the death of his father in 1860 gave him a seat in the Upper House. The late Duke proved himself a consistent politician and adhered rigidly to the opinions he first professed. In 1859 he held the post of President of the Poor Law Board in the Earl of Derby's second Administration; and from 1867 until the end of 1868 that of President of the Board of Trade. On Lord Derby's death he became leader of the Conservative party in the Upper House, and in 1874 Lord President of the Council. Mr. Disraeli's elevation to the House of Lords closed his leadership, and after Lord Beaconsfield's death he waived his claim in favour of the late Lord Salisbury. In 1885 he again filled the office of President of the Board of Trade. His last political appointment was that of Secretary of State for Scotland, of which post he was the first holder. At various times the Duke filled many other public positions: he had been an Ecclesiastical and Church Estates Commissioner, Chancellor of Aberdeen University, Lord Lieutenant for Banffshire, Constable of Inverness Castle, and an Elder Brother of Trinity House. Goodwood was amongst his estates. The Duke married in 1843 the eldest daughter of Algernon Frederick Greville.

THE NEW DUKE OF RICHMOND. The Earl of March and Kinrara, who by the death of his father becomes seventh Duke of Richmond, was born on Dec. 27, 1845, and, after being educated

married—in 1868 to the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Percy Ricardo, Amy Mary, who died in 1879; and in 1882 to the daughter of Mr. William George Craven, Isabel Sophie, who died in 1887. His son, born in 1870, becomes Earl of March and Kinrara.

ROCHESTER. Mr. Charles Tuff was returned for Rochester by a majority of 518, exceeding the Unionist majority in the previous contest by 39 votes. Mr. Tuff is a Rochester man, born and bred, has spent nearly all his life in the borough, and is one of its principal

surprise by accepting a Judgeship. This necessitated his resigning his Federal Premiership, whereupon Mr. Deakin formed a new Ministry. Sir W. J. Lyne has taken office as Minister for Trade and Customs, Sir George Turner as Treasurer, Sir John Forrest as Minister for Home Affairs, Senator Drake as Attorney-General, Sir Philip Fysh as Postmaster-General, Mr. Austin Chapman as Minister for Defence, and Senator Playford as Vice-President of the Council. Sir Samuel Griffith has become Federal Chief Justice. Mr. Deakin, the new Premier, was elected at twenty-two years of age to the Victorian Parliament. He was at that time a barrister and journalist. Eight years later he was a Minister of the Crown, and at forty-seven he finds himself the first statesman in Australasia. He is one of the finest speakers at the Antipodes.

MOTOR RELIABILITY TRIALS. The last six days of the Motor Reliability Trials began on Sept. 21 with a run to Worthing. Of the 104 vehicles which entered the contest on the first day, only eighty-six put in an appearance. Stops were made at Dorking on the outward journey and at Horsham on the homeward, and the motorists made a halt at Worthing for lunch. Folkestone was the destination for which eighty-four cars set out on the following day, and the run was accomplished in about four hours and a half each way, the best non-stop records for the day being made by the cars of moderate price. Next day Southsea was the terminus for which eighty-three cars started, and during the run the judges held a surprise inspection and a brake test. During Thursday's run to Bexhill, speed tests were conducted.



First Australian Commonwealth Stamp: Queensland 9d.
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NEW ISSUES OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

The new Antigua issue is complete from ½d. to 5s. The Curaçao begins an entirely fresh Dutch Colonial issue. The firms who have supplied these specimens are Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. and Mr. J. W. Jones.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



Photo. Banks.

THE DELEGATES OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY
LEAVING LIVERPOOL.

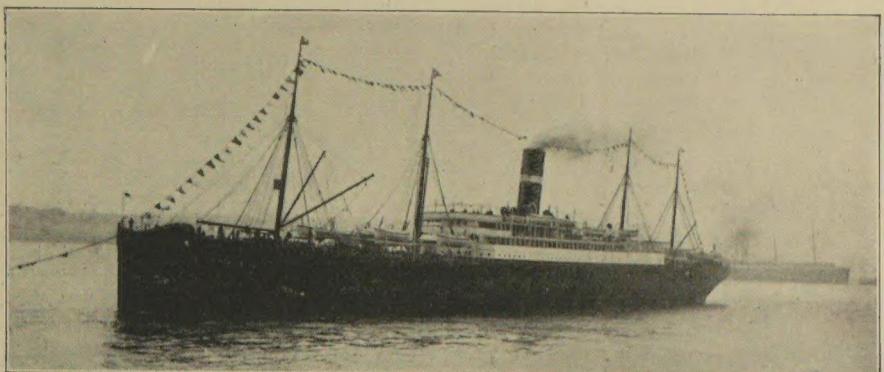


Photo. Noble

THE STEAMER ON WHICH THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY DELEGATES SAILED:
THE "MAYFLOWER" UNDER WEIGH.

VISIT OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY TO THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS:
SCENES OF THE DEPARTURE, SEPTEMBER 23.

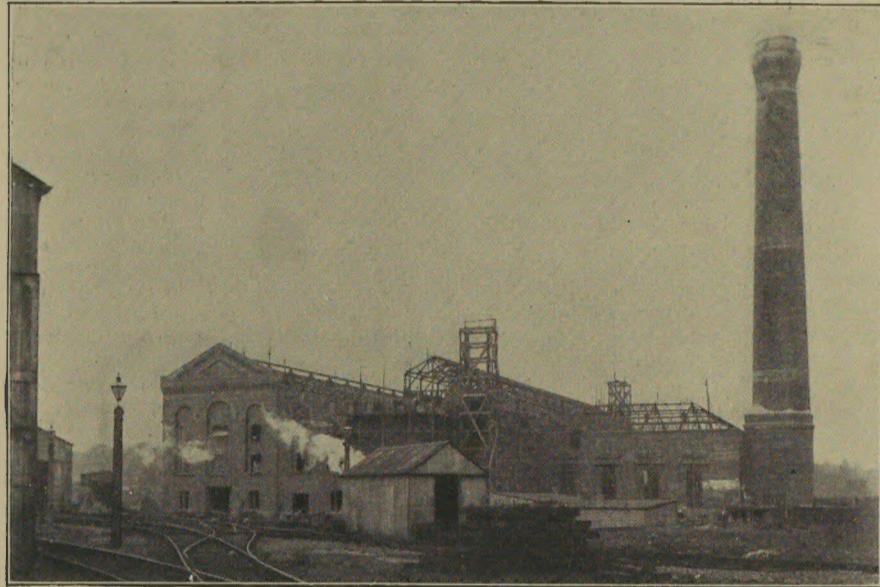


Photo. Sturdee.

THE SOURCE OF POWER FOR THE ELECTRIFIED UNDERGROUND:
THE STATION AT NEASDEN.

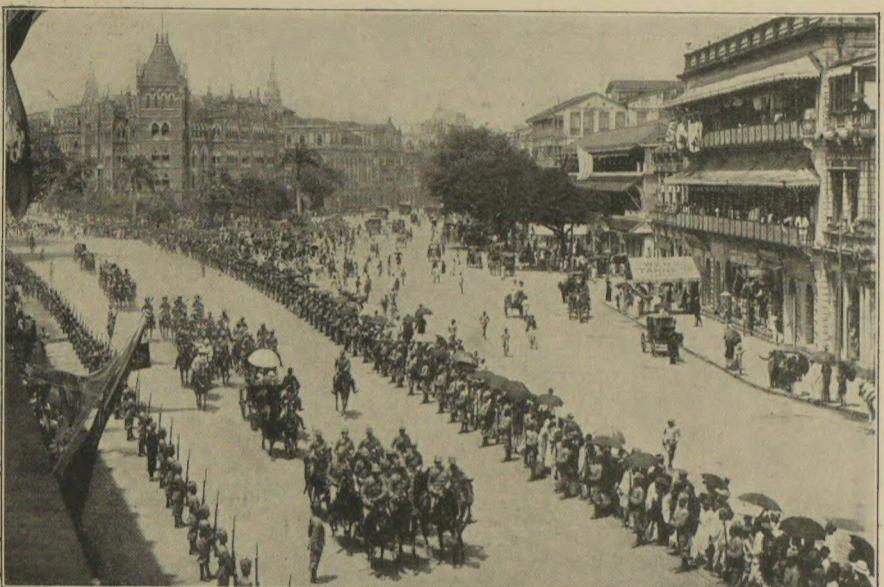


Photo. Bourne and Shepherd.

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA: LORD NORTHCOTE'S
DEPARTURE FROM BOMBAY.



Photo. Grantham Bain.

TO SUPERSEDE HAND-DRIVEN CHAIRS: AN ELECTRIC AUTOMOBILE CHAIR
TO BE SHOWN AT THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.



Photo. Topical Press Bureau.

A SWISS GIFT TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES: MODEL OF AN OLD PEASANT
HOUSE IN BRIENZ, EXECUTED AND PRESENTED BY E. BINDER AND CO.



Photo. Russell.

THE NEW NAVAL COLLEGE AT OSBORNE, OPENED FOR WORK SEPTEMBER 15: OFFICERS, CADETS, AND SHIP'S COMPANY.

In the foreground is a goat, which is one of the College pets.

Winchester was the objective of Friday, and the number of competing cars had dwindled to seventy-six. From Farnham onwards, the motorists were beset by police-traps, and the competitors proceeded at no very sensational pace. The trials concluded on Sept. 26 with a run to Brighton, the total ground covered in the eight days being 1010 miles. Seventy-five cars took part in the run. Four cars achieved the non-stop run in the eight consecutive days.

ENGLAND AND MACEDONIA.

Macedonian crisis. Briefly, Mr. Balfour's statement comes to this—that it is impossible for this country to interfere with the policy of Austria and Russia. The misgovernment of Macedonia is patent, so is the reckless barbarism of the revolutionary bands; and between the two is the naturally chaotic state of a province divided by the warring sections of Bulgarians, Greeks, Serbs, and Roumanians. In this situation, Mr. Balfour believes that nothing can be done except to co-operate with Austria and Russia in the execution of their scheme of reform. Unfortunately, this view of the case overlooks the fact that the Sultan has been suppressing the insurrection by extermination, and the grave



Mr. Warner.

THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS' DEPARTURE FOR AUSTRALIA: THE CAPTAIN, MR. P. F. WARNER.

The team left on September 25 on board the steam-ship "Orion."

suspicion that Austria and Russia have no real interest in any real reforms. They might easily have averted bloodshed by forcing the Sultan to appoint a Commission under European supervision, instead of leaving him to go through the farce of carrying out reforms under the direction of his own creatures. No Turkish province can have its administration reformed by Turks. The Sultan has now appointed a Mixed Commission, nominally to satisfy Bulgaria. The Bulgarian Government and everybody else know perfectly well that this must come to nothing, and that it is merely a pretext to gain time.

MOROCCO.

Considerable public attention was aroused during the past week by the announcement in a morning contemporary which is always beforehand with its news, that France had established a Protectorate over Morocco with the full consent of Great Britain and Spain. The story of so remarkable a concession on our part would, of course, have to be backed by some equivalent, and, accordingly, the organ which made the announcement talked of a *quid pro quo* without further specification. In official circles in Paris, all knowledge of any such agreement is disclaimed, although it is admitted that the Powers have held what is called a diplomatic "conversation" with regard to a *modus vivendi*. The Government of the Republic, according to a Paris newspaper whose word may be taken as in some degree inspired by the Cabinet, does not at present tend towards the conquest of Morocco by force, nor to the annexation of that country under the pretext of a Protectorate. France will stand on the defensive, and will strengthen her military position along the Southern Algerian Frontier, but she has no aggressive designs. In 1892, according to a French statement, the British Government gave France a free hand in Morocco, at the same time warning her that she would take action at her own risk. France at that time considered action inopportune, but the appearance of the Pretender may now force her to more vigorous methods. It is even hinted that, in order to avoid a holy war, she would espouse the Pretender's cause. M. Delcassé has issued a statement denying the rumour of a Protectorate.

BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING.

Scafell has revealed the possibility of perilous ascents even within our own highlands. Scafell, although its 3200 ft. ranks it as a mere hillock compared with even moderately lofty Alpine peaks, has been recognised as not unworthy of the skill of the Alpine Club, the members of which make frequent ascents, usually at Easter time. There are some experts who put the British peaks before the Alpine for sheer power of yielding adventure, and it has been pointed out that the British climber has the more difficult task. In Lakeland, in Wales, and in Scotland, he cannot assist himself by hewing steps in ice, and he has to conquer the bare rock by clinging to such natural footholds as he can find. Some of the perils of these ascents may be realised from our Illustrations. The ascent of the Great Gable, for instance,

presents difficulties that can be overcome only by iron nerve and absolute coolness of head. Many of our photographs are by Mr. G. P. Abraham, who first accomplished the most difficult climb in Britain, the ascent of the Lliwedd Buttress of Snowdon. On the way up the climber comes to the Slanting Gully, and earlier in the climb he has to trust himself to the underside of a great overhanging ledge. The climb, which Mr. Abraham says he would not repeat, has only been once since attempted and achieved.

A NEW REVIEW.

We welcome and applaud the courage that launches, amid the multitude of existing publications, yet another serious half-crown monthly. The *Independent Review*, published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, opens with "A Plea for a Programme," in which are set forth certain suggestions whereby Liberalism may draw tighter the chain that links our great democracy to the daughter democracies beyond the seas. Canon Barnett writes on Social Reform, and Mr. Augustine Birrell on "An Educational Concordat." Dr. Sanday writes on "The Obligation of the Creeds." Chapter I. of "Mr. Burden" is the opening of what threatens to be a very amusing account of an average man. To this end, Mr. Hilaire Belloc exercises his admirable gift of parody in recounting the family history of Mr. Burden from the seventeenth century onward.

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN.

In the first number of the new review noticed above Professor Mommsen has an article called "A German's Appeal to the English." He argues that the great majority of his countrymen have never had any substantial grievance against England except the late war in South Africa, which they regarded as deliberate aggression on the part of this country. That is over, and Professor Mommsen offers us German friendship. "We may hold fast to the hope that, in the fearful crises which our civilisation will probably have to meet, England and Germany will stand together as they did once, when, at La Belle Alliance, they united to put a term to the preponderance of France." We can imagine no fearful crisis in which that is likely to happen. No preponderance is threatening, unless it be the preponderance of Russia, and Professor Mommsen will scarcely ask us to believe that Germany will join with England to resist that. We have two things to remember: first, that German hostility to us during the South

African War was distinguished by a rancorous hatred and the vilest mendacity. For the infamous charges levelled at the British Army by the educated classes in Germany there has never been the smallest expression of regret. Professor Mommsen offers none now. He seems to imagine that it was all justified by German sympathy with the Boers. The other thing is that the policy of the German Government has been consistently unfriendly to us for years; and we have no reason to anticipate that the growth of the German Navy will make it any different. German interests are not our interests in any part of the world. We have seen that in China, and in German efforts to estrange Great Britain and the United States. These considerations may not have occurred to Professor Mommsen; but they will cause Englishmen to treat his "Appeal" with polite indifference.

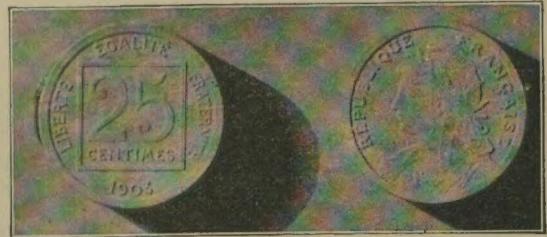
THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

The Presidency of the Bishop of the Diocese. Among interesting features will be the public breakfast, which has been organised by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to be held on the Tuesday of Congress week. The chair will be taken by the Bishop of Gloucester. The principal address will be delivered by Bishop Montgomery, secretary of the society. "Christianity and Trade" will be the subject of a discussion at a public meeting to be held under the presidency of the Bishop of Hereford.

HOSPITAL SHOPPING DAY.

The newest idea for benefiting King Edward's Hospital Fund is that of a Hospital Shopping Day, Tuesday, Nov. 3, has been fixed for the execution of this scheme, in which shopkeepers and public are to co-operate. All sorts of ingenious devices are being contrived to induce the public to buy something extra, to anticipate some want,

as, for example, to purchase a Christmas present beforehand; and a percentage of the receipts for the day named will be handed over to the London Hospitals. Many of the great retail establishments of the West End and the suburbs have already entered largely into the scheme, and it is hoped that their example will be

REVERSE. OBVERSE.
THE NEW FRENCH NICKEL MONEY.

The square round the value-mark "25 Centimes" is to obviate confusion with the one-franc piece; 16,000,000 pieces will be issued.

followed by many others. Viscount Duncannon is chairman of the committee, and the honorary secretary will be glad to receive communications at 2, Tudor Street, E.C.

A RECOVERED METHOD OF BRONZE CASTING.

Benvenuto Cellini rediscovered the *cire perdue*, or "lost wax" process of casting statues in bronze, but it was only about ten years ago that Signor Alexander Parlanti introduced the process into England, establishing the Albion Works at Parsons Green. Since then the old method of casting in sand has been discarded by our leading sculptors, and Signor Parlanti has cast most of the chief statues of our times, including the late Mr. Onslow Ford's famous camel statue of General Gordon and the equestrian statue of Lord Roberts erected in Calcutta. On the hill called "View of the World," where Cecil Rhodes lies buried among the Matoppos, is to be erected, as a memorial, a cast of the unfinished masterpiece of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., called "Physical Energy," upon which he has been working for twenty years past. It was Mr. Watts' intention, as is well known, to offer this statue when completed to the Government, but Lord Grey succeeded in persuading the veteran artist, who was at first opposed to the idea, to allow it to be cast in bronze in its present unfinished state as a memorial to Rhodes. When the statue is finished it will be again cast and probably erected in Hyde Park. It is the largest piece of sculpture that has ever been cast in England.

CONSOLS AND THE CABINET.

The fall in Consols which has coincided with the prolonged delay in the formation of a Cabinet is not to be ascribed entirely to the crisis in the Government. Lord Rothschild, who has been interviewed on the subject, attributes the situation to the throwing upon the market of large quantities of English securities and the heavy borrowing on the part of municipalities. Consols, his Lordship pointed out, are not as popular an investment as they were when they brought 3 per cent. Lord Rothschild, however, said that in the present state of affairs there is no cause for alarm. The Stock on Sept. 29 touched 87½, the lowest price known for many years.

THE SERVIAN ANTI-REGICIDES.

News of a trial and sentences comes from Belgrade, but it is not the regicides to whom punishment has been meted out. In that contradictory monarchy it is the anti-regicides who have had to undergo the terrors of the law, which are, after all, not so very terrible. Two officers who were indicted for conspiring against the murderers of King Alexander and Queen Draga have



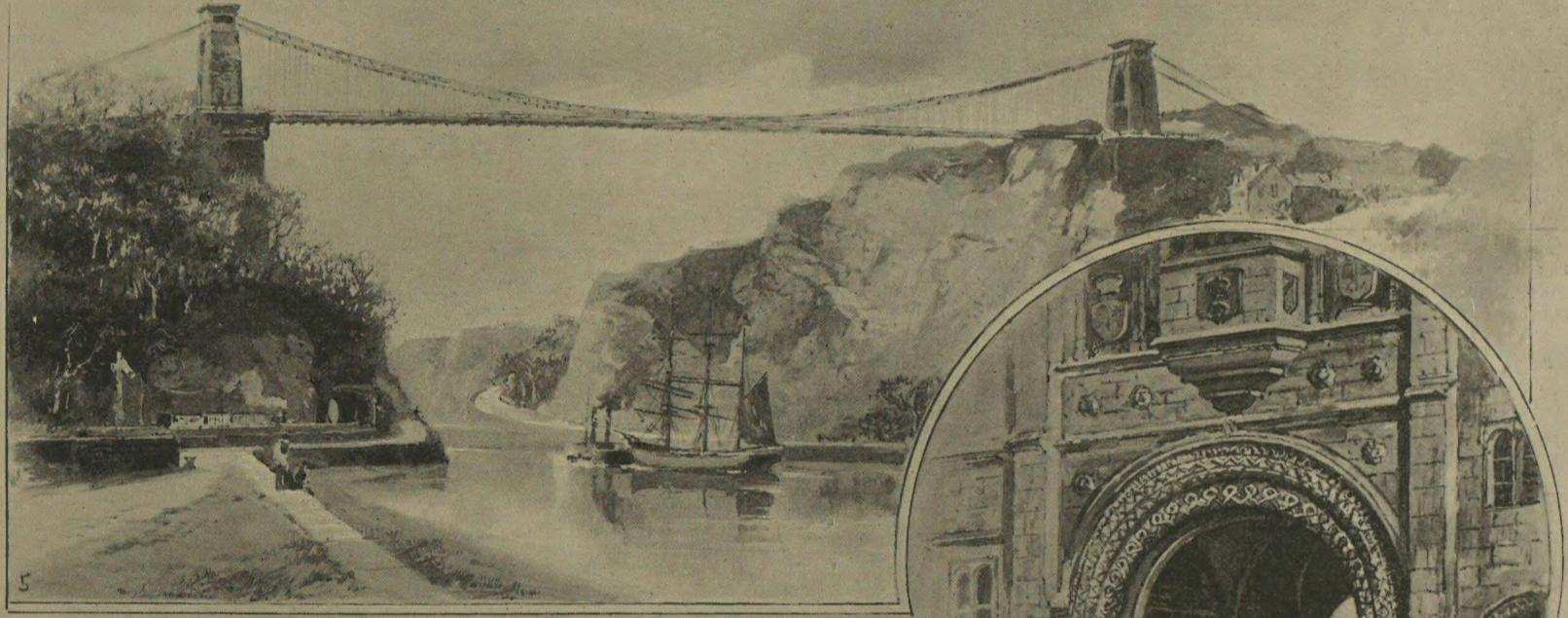
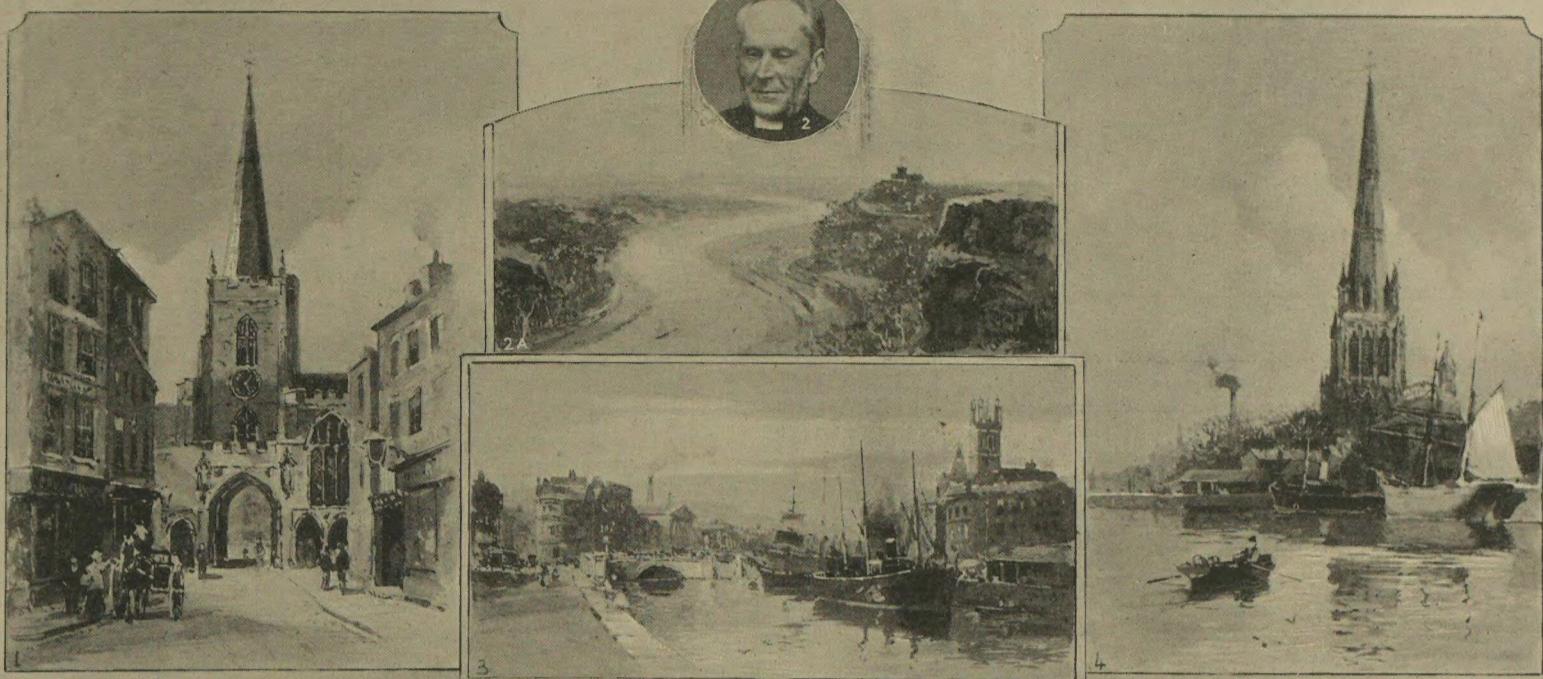
A QUEEN AND TWO KINGS: QUEEN ALEXANDRA WITH THE KINGS OF DENMARK AND SWEDEN.

The photograph was taken at Marienlyst, the Danish watering-place near Elsinore.

been condemned to two years' imprisonment and the loss of their commissions, and others to terms varying from one month to one year. It is pretty generally understood that King Peter will exercise royal clemency in all the cases; and so Servian justice goes its happy round!

THE COMING CHURCH CONGRESS AT BRISTOL: THE CITY AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

DRAWN BY H. COLLS; PORTRAIT BY ARBUTHNOT.



1. OLD GATEWAY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S CHURCH.

2. THE PRESIDENT, THE BISHOP OF BRISTOL.

2A. THE AVON FROM CLIFTON DOWNS.

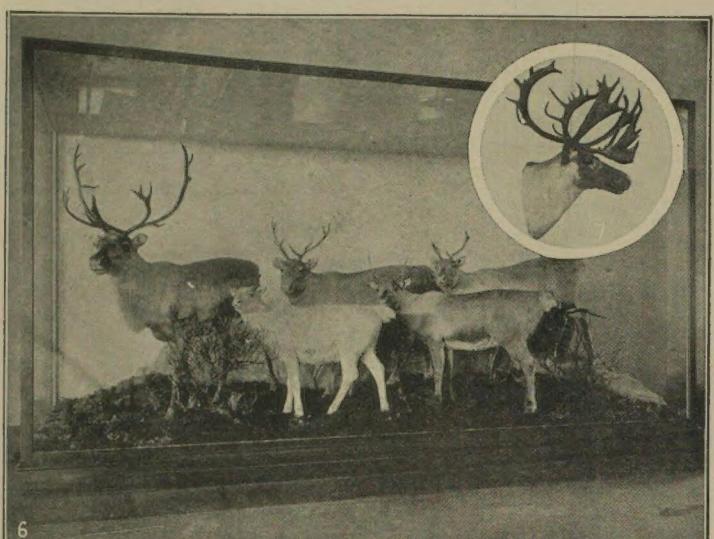
3. BRISTOL HARBOUR, AND ST. AUGUSTINE'S PARADE.

4. ST. MARY REDCLIFFE CHURCH FROM THE HARBOUR.

5. THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, CLIFTON.

6. A PORTION OF THE OLD ABBEY: THE NORMAN GATEWAY.

7. BRISTOL CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH-WEST.



1. THE ROCK-MOUNTAIN BIG-HORN (FOR COMPARISON WITH THE HEAD OF "STONE" SHEEP).

2. THE ONLY AMERICAN BLACK WILD SHEEP: THE "STONE" SHEEP (NEW RACE).

3. SKIN OF NEW RACE OF ALASKAN BROWN BEAR, 11 FT. 6 IN. FROM TIP OF NOSE TO TIP OF TAIL.

4. THE LARGEST OF THE NEWLY OBSERVED RACES: THE ALASKAN MOOSE, 9 1/2 FT. LONG BY 7 FT. HIGH.

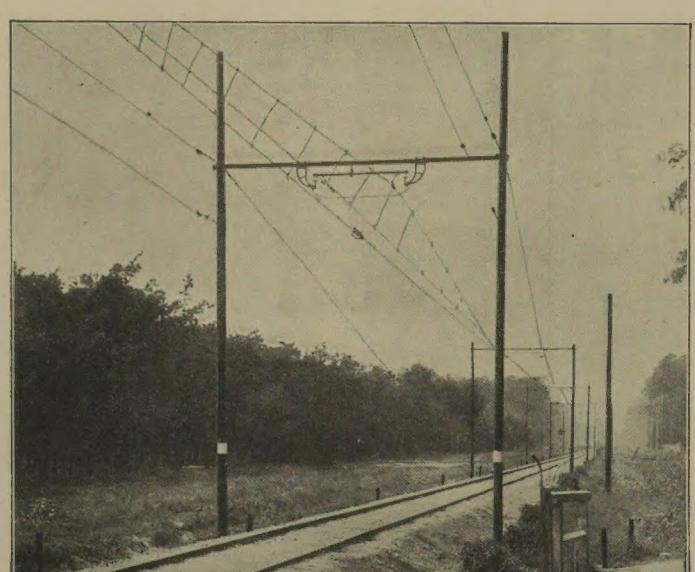
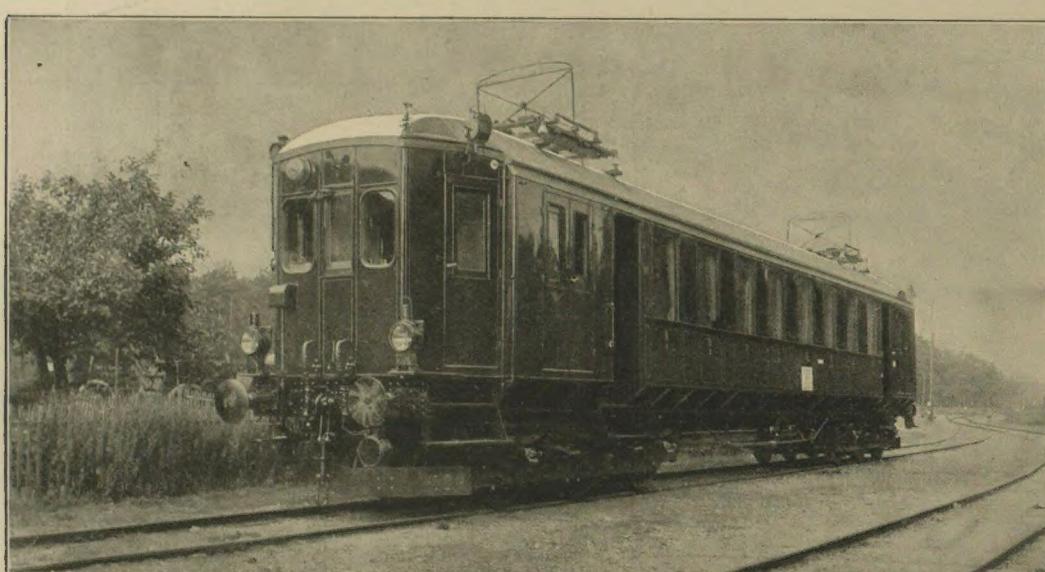
5. A NEW RACE OF ALASKAN CARIBOU: THE GRANT CARIBOU.

6. THE KENAI CARIBOU (NEW RACE) FROM THE KENAI PENINSULA, ALASKA.

7. THE NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU, WITH ANTLERS FULLY DEVELOPED (FOR COMPARISON WITH HEADS OF KENAI CARIBOU AND THE GRANT CARIBOU).

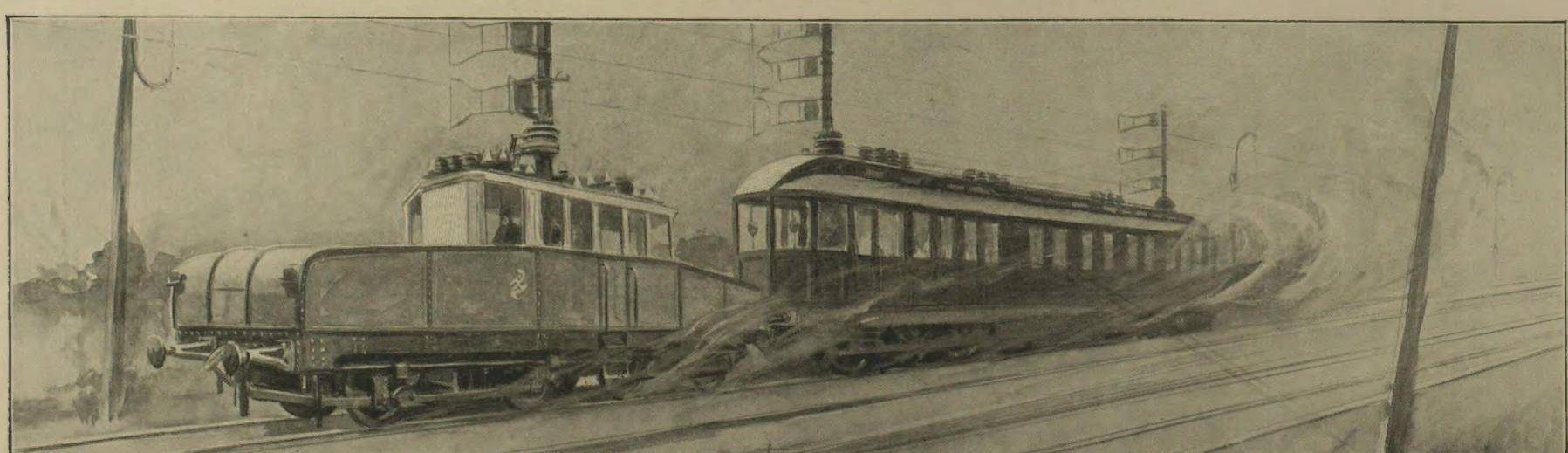
NEWLY OBSERVED RACES OF BRITISH AND ALASKAN ARCTIC GAME MAMMALS, COMPARED WITH FAMILIAR EXAMPLES.

These specimens, collected by Mr. Andrew J. Stone, are now in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. The Alaskan Moose is the largest of all ruminants. The Kenai Caribou belongs to a group of mountain caribou, ranging as far south as the border along the Rocky Mountains. The "Stone" Sheep, called after the discoverer, was observed in North Western British Columbia; it differs from all other mountain sheep by being almost pure black.



THE UNION ELEKTRICITÄTS-GESELLSCHAFT'S SINGLE-PHASE CAR FITTED WITH TWO MOTORS, AND METHOD OF OVERHEAD CONSTRUCTION FOR COMMUNICATING THE CURRENT.

The overhead construction system of the Union Elektricitäts-Gesellschaft is quite new, and the current is collected by two sliding bows. The car is fifty feet long and can accommodate fifty persons, mails, and staff. The motor-man's apartment is isolated by stone, brick, and steel. The cars can run among steam trains without interference.



THE MOTOR AND COMPOSITE MOTOR AND CARRIAGE, WHICH LATTER CREATED A WORLD'S RECORD OF 118 MILES AN HOUR, SEPTEMBER 27, ON THE ZOSSEN-MARIENFELD LINE.

THE ELECTRIFICATION OF RAILWAYS.—TWO GERMAN EXPERIMENTAL SYSTEMS: THE UNION ELEKTRICITÄTS-GESELLSCHAFT, OF BERLIN, AND THE ZOSSEN-MARIENFELD.

THE ELECTRIC SPEED-TRIALS AT BERLIN: A WORLD'S RECORD.

DRAWN BY EDWARD CUCUEL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BERLIN.



THE FASTEST LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD: INTERIOR OF THE CAB OF THE ELECTRIC CARRIAGE THAT HAS ATTAINED A SPEED OF 118 MILES AN HOUR.

On September 27, during the trials on the experimental electric line on the military railway between Marienfeld and Zossen, the engine here portrayed attained a world's record. The motor is incorporated with the carriage. One man only is required to control the machine; the other figures are engineers and officials watching the speed-indicator and studying the air-pressure. The mast supports the electrodes which take the current from the overhead wires.

THE MOTOR RELIABILITY TRIALS: THE LAST SIX DAYS OF THE THOUSAND-MILE RUN.

PHOTOGRAPHS, EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE SPECIFIED, BY ARGENT ARCHER.



1. THE CARS OUTSIDE THE GRAND HOTEL, FOLKESTONE.

2. THE CARS AT WORTHING.

3. THE CARS AT BRIGHTON.

4. THE CARS AT BEXHILL.

5. THE CARS AT SOUTHSEA.

6. THE CARS AT WINCHESTER.—[Photo. Bishop.]

The last six days of the reliability trials from the Crystal Palace began on September 21 and ended on September 26. Each day the cars started from the Crystal Palace and ran in rotation to Worthing, Folkestone, Southsea, Bexhill, Winchester, and Brighton, making the return journey to the Palace every evening. Four cars (M. M. C., Argyll, Wolseley, and Daimler) made "non-stop" runs every day.



Schouten placed Mrs. Wray in Manuel Castro's arms.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Continued.)

"God help them indeed!" said the mate pityingly; "they won't be there much longer."

Lugard, who was watching, nodded. "Are we leaking very much, Mr. Grey?"

"A good deal, but nothing serious. We can easily keep it under."

"Then you can spare a boat's crew." And he went to Carroll, who was with the carpenter on the main deck.

"Carroll, will you let me take five hands and go to the assistance of those poor people? That barque won't hold together another half-hour, and the tide is rising fast. I can see them trying to make a raft."

"Ay, ay, Jim! We must do what we can for them. I told Dawson just now to burn a flare to show them we will do something for them. But you will have a hard matter to get alongside in such a fearful sea. Thank God we did not lose our boat!"

Lugard sprang up the poop ladder and called for volunteers, and every man on board rushed aft. He picked Manuel Castro, three other boat-steerers, and the third mate, and in ten minutes the boat was away, pulling through one of the narrow channels in the reef, so as to get to the *Leeuwarden* from seaward. As he came within hailing distance, the shipwrecked people gave a cheer, and Schouten, watching his chance, ran along the working, straining deck, and gained the mizzen rigging. He called out to Lugard, and warned him not to attempt to come alongside, as the ship was lying among a lot of rocks, whose black, jagged teeth revealed themselves in the dim moonlight every now and then as the combing seas tore past the barque to fall into the smooth water on the inner side of the reef.

"Ay, ay, I can see that, Schouten; but I can come close up under your stern, and you must let your people jump overboard one by one. Stand by and catch this line. Make it fast to the weather-rail, so that I can haul in on it as soon as you are ready. Then I'll heave you a light line for anyone who can't swim. Hurry up, for God's sake! There's no time to lose."

The Dutchman, who was as calm and imperturbable as usual, quickly made the line fast, and then went for'ard again. He spoke a few words in Dutch to the officers and crew, and then turned to Wray, who was seated on the deck with his wife's head pillow'd against his shoulder. Her slight figure was covered with a seaman's oilskin coat to shield her from the drenching spray which every now and then flew over her and her companions.

"Mr. Thompson"—when others were present he always addressed Wray and his wife as Mr. and Mrs. Thompson—"dot goot, prave gentleman, Captain Lugardt, haf now coom to take us away. Vill you und der poor leedle lady coom first? She may have to joomp into der vater, but Captain Lugardt is a fine zailor man, und she need haf no fear."

"Come, Ida." And Wray raised her, half-fainting with terror, and then bent forward and said in low tones to Schouten—

"There are two of your men here badly hurt; they cannot move. Help me across the deck with my wife, then we shall get those two injured men next. I stay with you."

"No, no, Maurice. I will not go without you. I would rather die than leave you. Oh, Maurice, my husband! have pity for me; do not send me away from you!"

Wray made a gesture to Schouten to lead the way, and lifting his wife in his arms as if she were a child, he, with the carpenter on one side and the captain on the other supporting him, carried her along the higher side of the deck to the stern, just as another heavy roller swept inward, lifted the barque ten feet high, and then let her down again upon the coral with that peculiar motion in the after part which denoted that the ship had broken her back.

"Stand by, Captain Schouten," shouted Lugard, "don't drop the lady overboard! I'll come under your counter in a minute and take her aboard nicely."

Wray placed Ida in Schouten's arms, and clambered down to the lee-rail, which was under water.

"For God's sake, Lugard, save her! I'll give a thousand pounds—"

"Be hang to you an' your thousand pounds!" cried Manuel Castro. "Do you think sailor man wan' money at such time? Be quick; look after de lady and be rady to drop her in boat."

Lugard, grasping the long steer-oar, was watching the backwash of the roller, and the straining line made fast to the rail of the barque. His crew were the pick of the brig's company—men who constantly faced danger and death in their vocation as whalers.

"Now, boys, now is our chance!" cried Lugard. "Stand by with the lady, Captain Schouten!"

Three of his crew who were for'ard threw their oars inboard, seized the line, and within five minutes hauled the boat right under the barque's counter, and Schouten placed Mrs. Wray in Manuel Castro's arms.

"Back, men, back!" said Lugard, as quietly as if the boat were shoving off from a wharf; and as the crew unitedly took to their oars again and backed off over a towering sea, he called out to Schouten to bring along the injured men. This took some little time, for one man had a broken leg and the other was unconscious owing to a blow on the head. Then came five more of the crew, who each in turn jumped overboard, and either swam to or were hauled into the boat with the second line.

"Come on," cried Lugard to Wray, "there's room for you. Jump!"

"Not I," he answered. "I stay here with this good fellow; but take good care of my wife." And he made a gesture towards the Dutch captain.

"Vill you take mine moneys und mine schipp's papers?" shouted Schouten.

"Ay, ay, pass them along, and make haste. You'll part amidships soon."

Several very heavy bags of coin and the ship's papers and chronometer

HELEN ADAIR

By LOUIS BECKE. Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

were then deftly caught by Castro, and then, with a wild cheer, the gallant whalers bent to their oars as Lugard swung the boat's head round to the galloping seas.

In less than half an hour he was alongside the *Palmyra*, and the injured men were at once carried to the cabin, Ida Wray at first refusing to leave the boat.

"For God's sake, Mr. Lugard, let me go back with you!" she pleaded passionately. "If he is to die, let me die with him."

"I will bring him to you safely," said Lugard, with a great pity in his heart, as he gently released her hands from his wrist; and then Manuel Castro placed his arms around her waist and lifted her up to Carroll.

As the burly whaler carried her down into the cabin, Helen met him, and in another moment Ida, with a trembling cry, fainted in her arms.

Haldane, who, with the steward, was busily engaged in attending to the two injured seamen, turned his head.

"Take her to your cabin, Miss Adair. I will see her soon; she will come to presently."

His cold tones and his stern, set face struck Helen with a wondering fear. She bent her head in assent to his command, and carried her former mistress away.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Just as Lugard and his crew pushed off from the *Palmyra* for a second trip, the Dutch barque parted amidships, her after portion falling over and sinking in the deep water on the outer side of the reef. But Schouten had been hard at work, and a very substantial raft had been put together from the yards of the fallen foremast, which was still lying alongside, thumping and swaying under the bows. And so, as the whale-boat from the brig breasted the rushing billows, and Carroll and his officers lit flare after flare to guide the boat on its way, they saw Schouten and the rest of the ship's company take their places on the raft, and let it drive before the sweeping seas over the reef towards the smooth water inside; for the Dutch captain, knowing that the tide was flowing, was confident that the structure, heavy and unwieldy as it was, would be carried safely over.

But Lugard knew what Schouten did not know—that on the inner edge of the reef were a number of jagged boulders, just awash, and if the raft struck one of these it would be fatal to those aboard.

He swung the boat round in mid-channel.

"Pull, boys, pull your hardest! we must get up to that raft before she gets among the rocks."

As the boat headed directly across the reef, with the flying rollers catching her broadside on, Carroll and his mate shouted frantically to him to let the raft drive. He waved his hand in reply, and went on; his crew knew that they had a man at the steer-oar who was as good as their own captain; and then, as if to encourage them, the moon burst through a bank of dull cloud and lit up the seething, foamy waste.

But, swiftly as the boat was urged along over the shallow water on the reef, she could not overtake the raft, which was driving before the roaring breakers at a furious speed, spinning round and round like a top, striking a pinnacle of coral rock every now and then, and careening over into the boiling surge around.

And then Manuel Castro, who was pulling stroke, uttered a warning cry as a huge, mountainous wave came speeding silently and viciously along, and Lugard had only time to slew round head on, when it broke with a sullen roar, and all but swamped the boat; then it overtook the raft, and buried it deep down.

With two of the crew baling out, and the other three pulling, Lugard put his boat's head for the raft, on which he could now see but eight or ten of the twenty men which had left the barque—the rest had been swept away and drowned.

As he came alongside, Schouten, who, with a man lying across his knees, was seated on the after end of the raft, raised his hand with a gesture of despair.

"Ten good men has gone."

"Jump in, every one!" cried Lugard.

The Dutchmen quickly clambered into the whale-boat. Schouten remained till the last. Then, raising the prone figure which was lying so quietly across his knees, he said—

"Der poor gentleman is very badly hurt, Captain Lugard. Shust lay him down carefully."

Wray, for it was he, was dying, and knew it, for, as he was lifted into the boat, he raised his hand feebly to Lugard, signifying that he wished to speak. The American bent down over him, and even in the moonlight could see that he had not many minutes to live, for his back and ribs had been crushed by his falling between the raft and the ship just as the former was casting off.

"Schouten has over two thousand pounds of mine. Tell him to give it to my wife. And tell her to try and forgive me, for I have always loved her. Good-bye, Lugard."

Before the boat reached the brig again he was dead, and Castro covered his face with a jacket.

Carroll met the shipwrecked men at the gangway, and, sailor-like, gave his hand to Schouten in sympathy.

"How many are gone?" he asked.

"Ten, und der gentleman passenger is dead in the boat."

Lugard nodded confirmation of the news to Carroll, then drew him aside.

"You must tell her that the poor fellow is dead. We cannot possibly keep it from her. Where is the doctor?"

"Below; he told me that he had given Miss Adair a strong opiate for the poor girl."

"Poor creature! her awakening will be sad enough. Ask the doctor to come on deck for a minute. I don't want to go below just yet in these wet togs. I'll change in the steward's room."

Haldane soon appeared. He shook hands warmly with Lugard, and was paying him a compliment on his

skill and pluck in rescuing the shipwrecked man, when the American interrupted him—

"Lieutenant Wray is dead, Dr. Haldane."

"Dead!"

"Died a few minutes ago in the boat. He was crushed between the raft and the barque."

"Heaven forgive him his sins! Where is he?"

Lugard led the way to the 'tween decks, where Wray's body was lying covered with a rug; a ship's lantern hanging from one of the deck-beams overhead cast a faint light upon the stiffened figure; Haldane unhooked it, and, drawing aside the rug, gazed at the dead man's face for a few moments. Then with a sigh he replaced the lantern, and without a word went on deck again with Lugard.

"Carroll will tell her," said the latter.

"Ay, she must be told, I suppose. She is now sleeping. So far she has not spoken a single word to anyone—not even Miss Adair. Her nervous system has received a great shock."

"Of course she recognised Miss Adair?"

"I hardly think so—in fact she was in a state of collapse when she entered the cabin. By the way, I thought it best to tell Miss Adair that her former mistress is now Mrs. Wray."

Towards midnight the wind ceased, and a glorious moon shone out of a cloudless sky of blue, and lit up the wild turmoil of surf upon the reef. Nothing was left of the *Zeewaarden*; but on two low, sandy islets a mile away inside the lagoon her wreckage was piled up high on the white beach, which was shimmering in the moonlight.

The brig's decks were very quiet, for the men were exhausted by the toil of the night, and had turned in below together with the survivors from the barque; only an anchor watch was kept, for the vessel was lying in such smooth water that she was as steady as a rock, though there was an exceedingly strong current. The boat which had done such good service had been hoisted up, and there was scarcely anything on deck or aloft to denote the experiences of the previous few hours.

Just as two bells were struck, the second mate, who was lying in the poop, wrapped in his great-coat, rose, and went to the main deck, where he was met by the two men keeping the anchor watch, for the pumps were sounded every hour, though only worked at two-hour intervals.

As the three men stood together, and the officer looked at the water-mark on the sounding-rod, Ida Wray's slender figure appeared on the main deck. She came along so softly that her bare feet made no sound. Over her shoulders she had thrown a cape of Helen's, and this, as she slowly came forward, she drew across her bosom as if she were cold, though the night air was soft and warm. As her glance fell upon the men, whose backs were towards her, she stopped for a moment, looked blankly at them, and then, muttering to herself, walked up to the main hatch, which was partly open, and looked down at the 'tween decks, as if in search of something. Then she stepped on the broad ladder leading below, and disappeared.

For some few minutes Dawson remained conversing with the two men, and then walked aft to ascend to the poop, when he met Helen and the steward.

"Oh, Mr. Dawson," she cried quickly, "have you seen Mrs. Wray? I awoke about five minutes ago, feeling that she had left my cabin. I got up at once, and called Mr. Grey and the steward; we have looked in all the state-rooms. Is she on deck?"

"Hist, Sir," called one of the men whom Dawson had just left, "the lady is below," and he pointed to the 'tween-decks.

Ida was on her knees beside her husband's body; she had removed the rug from his face, and was so motionless and rigid in her attitude that she might have been marble. Presently she slowly put out her hand, and in a mechanical, dazed manner began stroking the dead man's hair and face.

"Poor thing!" said Dawson, "we must get her away. We must not leave her there. Will you come with me, Miss?"

Helen followed him, and then as the officer drew aside she gently placed her hand on Ida's shoulder.

"Come, Mrs. Wray, lean on me."

She obeyed, but still preserved the same stony silence as Helen went with her up into the bright moonlight. Presently she stopped abreast of the gangway, and her lips moved as she murmured some inarticulate words; then suddenly she thrust Helen aside and leapt overboard into the fierce current.

Shouting out his orders to lower the boat, the gallant Dawson sprang over the side, and in two minutes the brig's decks were alive, as the whalers rushed to the falls, and lowered away the boat, which was instantly manned, with the mate in charge.

But short as was the time occupied, the strong six-knot current swept Dawson so far astern that he was hardly discernible, and when the boat did get up to him, Grey saw that he was alone.

"Did you see her?" asked the mate, as Dawson was hauled in.

"No. She must have sunk at once. I caught sight of the cape she was wearing—it was floating away on the current. There are some fearful eddies—I was twice all but sucked down."

Until daylight the boat continued the search, and Grey was about to abandon it, when he caught sight of something lying on the beach of a tiny islet only a few yards in extent. He turned the boat's head towards it.

"'Tis her," said Dawson, in a low voice.

They stepped out on to the firm, hard, white sand, and bending over her, saw that she had been dead for many hours. Very gently and reverently the officer and Manuel Castro carried her to the boat, and laid her down, and the Portuguese covered her pale, childish features with his silk handkerchief.

Then slowly and wearily the men pulled back to the brig, and Helen wept long and unrestrainedly in the

silence of her cabin, as she knelt in prayer beside the woman whose unhappy ending made her heart ache. And then, too, she remembered Lathom, and how very lonely this tragedy would make his life. "But," she thought, "he is a man whose strong heart will enable him to bear his sorrow."

Early in the morning a search party visited the larger of the two islands, and succeeded in finding the bodies of four poor Dutch seamen, and late in the afternoon they were buried in the sandy soil of a low thicket scrub, the haunt of myriads of terns and gulls, with the boom of the ever-restless breakers on the reef for their perpetual requiem.

Some little distance away on the eastern side of the island was a small clump of pandanus palms, growing on a hillock, their pale green fronds waving and rustling in the sea-breeze, and here Ida Wray and her husband were carried at sunset the same day, Lugard reading the burial service of the Church of England over them as he had done for the seamen. Haldane, who was present with Helen, Schouten, Hewitt, Carroll and all his officers, was very grave and sad as they returned to the boat.

"God grant there may be no more tragedies," he said to Carroll, as they walked slowly down the beach, "but I fear that the poor Dutch sailor with the injury to his head will not pull through. This has been a fateful voyage for you—and for poor Miss Adair as well."

"Ay," replied the whaler, with a deep sigh, "a strange, fateful voyage indeed."

As it was Carroll's intention to leave the lagoon on the following afternoon by a passage he had discovered on the south-eastern side, Lugard asked him if he might take the boat at daylight and go ashore, as Hewitt, Montgomery, Cole, and himself wished to erect a cairn over the graves of Wray and his wife. There was an abundance of flat coral slabs, well suited for the purpose, lying on the shore, and a few hours would suffice for its completion. Helen and Haldane also wished to go with them.

"Very well, Jim. We have a lot to do on board, and you might as well be on shore with the doctor and Miss Adair as here. I'd put to sea right away if I could; but still, I don't suppose that that brigantine will trouble us any more. And if she does happen along she can't get inside the lagoon unless she jumps over the reef as we did, for she can't beat in through that narrow passage to the south-east."

So as daylight broke, the boat was manned by Montgomery, Cole, Haldane, and Lugard, and with Helen seated in the stern-sheets, was just pushing off when Carroll appeared.

"Here, take these," he said, throwing some oilskins and rugs into the boat; "there is going to be a power of rain. I can see it banking up heavily to the eastward."

And he was right, for scarcely had the boat touched the beach when the wind came away from the eastward, bringing with it heavy rain, and Haldane, lifting Helen in his arms, set off at a run over the broken coral for the clump of pandanus palms, where he was soon joined by Lugard and the others, who quickly made a protection for her by stretching some oilskins between the trees.

"Please do not trouble about me, Captain Lugard. I wish you would let me come with you and the men, and see what you are doing. I am not afraid of getting wet."

Lugard's dark eyes lit up with pleasure, though he answered her in his usual cool but yet profoundly respectful manner.

"Ah, no, Miss Adair; please stay here under this shelter, rude and rough as it is. You must not expose yourself to these tropical rains on the coast—for to do so means fever."

For quite three hours Helen remained under shelter, whilst the men, in the still pouring rain, worked at carrying up the coral slabs from the beach and depositing them under the palms. Many of the largest and finest stones were a foot or two under water, and at these Lugard laboured. He had stripped to the waist, and once, when he arose panting, and squared his broad, tattooed chest, as he drew in a deep breath, Haldane could not but admire the muscularity and gracefulness of his perfectly proportioned figure.

By this time the wind had become very light, but the warm, heavy rain had increased to such an extent that everything except the little islet was blotted from view, and the boom of the breakers on the reef had ceased simply owing to the continuous downpour having "flattened" the surf so much that instead of a fierce turmoil and seethe of flying spray and spume, there was now but a gentle swell, almost as placid and noiseless as the lapping of the tide upon the sandy shores of the inner side of the lagoon. Away to the westward, where the brig lay at anchor, the rain mist was as thick as a London fog, and Lugard had just told Haldane that he was afraid the *Palmyra* could not possibly find her way out of the reef in such weather, when Helen appeared on the bank above, and called to them to come and get something to eat.

"I have made quite a discovery!" she cried to Haldane as they walked back. "Quite near where you left me I saw some pieces of timber—wreckage, I suppose, is the proper term—half-buried in the sand, and on one there is a thick brass plate with the name 'Cato' on it."

Haldane was at once interested, and told her that it was a relic and a memory of the gallant and ill-fated navigator Matthew Flinders, who, in the *Porpoise*, in 1804, had been cast away on Wreck Reef when sailing in company with the transport *Cato*.

Presently, Lugard, having dressed himself, joined them, and they all three walked up to Helen's shelter, where Hewitt and the two other men had made coffee, and spread out the provisions they had brought on a piece of time-worn, weather-beaten plank.

Montgomery had just passed Helen a cup of coffee, when he raised his hand suddenly.

"Listen!" he said.

"What is it?" asked Helen.

"I fancied I heard the sound of oars quite near us—as if a boat were passing along the outer side of the reef."

They all listened intently for some seconds, and both Helen and Haldane fancied they heard a dulled *click, click*, as if oars were being rowed between wooden thole-pins.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Haldane, with a laugh; "it is pelicans clamping their great mandibles simultaneously. There are hundreds of them quite near. I have often heard them on the mainland making this peculiar noise—it is their idea of music, I suppose."

"Quite right, Sir," said Cole, "they open their wings, and snap their bills together all at once."

Half an hour passed, and then the rain suddenly ceased, the sun came out, the pinnated leaves of the pandanus palms around them rustled to a freshening breeze, and the thick mist disappeared as if by magic.

"Come," said Lugard, as he rose, "we must get on with—"

"*Surrender!*" cried a hoarse voice, and Coffe, of the *Coot*, followed by half a dozen seamen with drawn cutlasses, sprang into the grove of palm-trees.

"Back!" shouted Lugard, as seizing Helen in his left arm, he drew his pistol and pointed it at Coffe, "back, I say; for we are all well armed and desperate men." Then he called to Montgomery, Cole, and Hewitt to follow him to the boat.

"Surrender, and avoid useless bloodshed!" cried Lathom's well-remembered voice, as he too appeared over the ridge of sand bank. "For God's sake, Haldane, get them to yield quietly. And you, Mr. Coffe, I implore you—"

"Never will I, for one, be taken alive!" cried Hewitt, as, raising his pistol at a seaman who was pointing his weapon at his breast, he fired and shot the man through the body; and at the same time Coffe discharged his pistol at Lugard. The bullet struck him on the right arm and fractured the bone, but in an instant he released Helen and took his pistol in his left hand.

"Run, Miss Adair, run for the boat!" he shouted, as he dashed at the officer, and felled him with a blow from the butt-end of his pistol, just as Montgomery, a man of herculean strength, but whose pistol had hung fire, wrested a cutlass from a seaman and cut him down with his own weapon, though another sailor had at the same moment given him a terrible gash on the shoulder; while Cole, a man as active and wiry as a native cat, avoiding the sweep of a cutlass stroke from another man, tripped him up on the soft, yielding sand, stunned him with a kick on the head, tore his cutlass from his hand, and then rushed to aid Helen, who, with Lugard covering her retreat with his pistol pointed at a pursuing seaman, was pantingly toiling over the sand and broken coral towards the boat. As Cole overtook the man-of-war's man, he brought him down with a sweeping blow of the cutlass across his legs, and in another moment was with Helen.

"Into the boat, every one!" cried Lugard, running back. "Go, Hewitt, go and help your cousin. We are safe! Ha, Montgomery, no more of this work!" and he darted in front of the giant Irishman, who, maddened with the pain of his own wound and the quick lust of the suddenly aroused instinct to slaughter, had drawn back his bloodied cutlass to thrust it through the heart of the coxswain of the landing party, who, half-stunned by a cut on the head, had sunk on one knee, but was bravely defending himself. "Away, away with you! away to the boat with Miss Adair, or I'll shoot you dead! See, the brig is under way, and coming to meet us outside the passage! Away, away with you! I'll follow—"

"May I die with the curse of Heaven on me if I leave you, Sir!" cried Montgomery; but Lugard heard him not, for, with his cocked pistol in his left hand, he was now facing Haldane and Lathom.

"Back, gentlemen, back! I am a desperate man! My pistol has two barrels, and I will kill you both if you attempt to stay me. Back, I say! You shall never make a prisoner of that girl while I am alive."

Haldane threw out his arms supplicatingly, and Lathom himself extended his right hand, weaponless and as in friendship.

"Not enemies, not enemies, Lugard!" cried the surgeon. "See, all the landing-party are killed, wounded, or disarmed, and, God knows, neither Lathom nor myself seeks to do you harm! But, for Heaven's sake, let me see to your arm; you may lose it—"

Montgomery sprang forward and stood in front of Lugard, with his ensanguined cutlass ready to strike at either Lathom or the surgeon; but Lugard made him stand aside, and, dropping his pistol, held out his left hand to them in turn.

"Good-bye, Captain Lathom; good-bye, Mr. Haldane. I am glad indeed to hold your hands in mine before we part. As for my arm, doctor, it matters but little; we sailor-men can mend a broken bone in our own rough way, and the skipper of the *Palmyra* has

outside the passage, and in a few minutes will be hove-to outside waiting for us. Ha! she sees us."

Then Helen, who saw that he was suffering intense pain from his broken arm, quietly tore off a strip from her skirt, and, despite his protests, made a sling; and Vincent Hewitt, as he bent to his oar, saw his sun-browned cheeks flush deeply as Helen's hand touched his neck.

A quarter of an hour later the brig brought to outside the passage, the boat came alongside, and, amid the cheers of the whalers, Helen, followed by her companions, ascended to the deck.

"Welcome back, Miss Adair!" cried Carroll. "Jim, are you badly hurt? Put the two British sailors ashore on the islet, Mr. Grey, and then hurry back again and hoist up the boat!"

And as the *Palmyra* sped northward, and the low islets of Wreck Reef were left astern, Haldane told Lathom the story of his niece's death.

"It is as well, George," he said quietly; "it is as well for them both. God forgive me if I have been too harsh to Wray."

Two years had passed, and on the broad lawn of a country house on the beautiful highlands of the Never-sink, Helen was seated with her uncle, Walter Adair. An open letter, just received, was in her hand, and she and the old man were discussing its contents very earnestly, when Lugard, who had come to visit Helen that morning, walked towards them.

"Well, captain, when do you sail?" asked the old merchant.

"In a week or so," he replied, as he seated himself.

"I am sorry it is so soon," said Helen. Then she looked up frankly. "I have some news for you, Captain Lugard. We shall have a visitor here in a fortnight—someone whom you would be glad to see."

"Is it Lathom?"

"I thought so," said the American kindly; "and he is coming for you?"

"He says so," and she blushed deeply. "I have just heard from him. He says he feels that he ought not to have left the service just as we are going to war with China."

"Ah! he will not think so in another fortnight," said Lugard with a laugh. "Well, he is a lucky man, and as neither Hewitt nor I could win you, we shall feel sincere pleasure in knowing that you are marrying one of the best fellows that ever wore the King's uniform. I must write to him."

"Do, and I will give him the letter myself. He has never yet failed to speak of you in any of his letters, and I know he will be sorry to miss seeing you."

"Ah, well, I shall be back from the East Indies in another year, and we shall meet then. How is Hewitt doing?"

"Very well indeed." Then she told him how Hewitt, accompanied by

Montgomery and Cole, had been sent by her uncle to take charge of a stock farm in Pennsylvania, and had done so well that they were in a fair way of becoming rich men in a few years.

"And who else do you think is coming over with Captain Lathom?" she asked.

"The big doctor?"

"No; I wish he were. It is someone who one day

came to me when I was very, very unhappy, and he

gave me something that made my aching heart leap

for joy."

The seaman looked puzzled. "Someone I know?"

"Yes, indeed; someone who brought me your first letter."

"Ah! the old lame man."

"Yes, indeed, dear old Tim Doyle, who was always so kind to me. Captain Lathom got the Governor to pardon him, and is keeping the poor old fellow as his own man. And Russ comes too."

"Lathom is a good, thoughtful fellow; no wonder

people love him."

"And no wonder people love James Lugard," said the girl softly, as she clasped the seaman's two hands in hers, "for he too is good, thoughtful, and brave."



"Good-bye, Captain Lathom."

set many a fractured limb in his whaling career, so I am not at all anxious about myself. Ah! there is the brigantine coming round the western horn of the reef, too far away to intercept us, for which I thank God, for we have had enough misery and bloodshed as it is. And now good-bye."

Lathom and Haldane clasped his hand, and bade him a hurried farewell; and then Patrick Montgomery threw down his cutlass, and lifting Lugard, who was weakening from loss of blood, in his arms, called out to the soldier and the surgeon—

"God bless you, Captain Lathom, and you, Dr. Haldane; for ye both are good men, as many of us poor prisoners know."

He set off at a run, carrying Lugard as easily as if he were a boy; and as he ran, and Lugard waved his hand in farewell to Haldane and Lathom, the brig fired a gun as she swept over the smooth surface of the lagoon towards the passage through the reef.

As Montgomery reached the waiting boat and lifted his burden over the side, Helen extended her hand to him.

"Are you hurt, Captain Lugard?"

"Nothing to speak of, Miss Adair. Give way, men; and pull as hard as you can. The brig is now almost

THE THREATENED INDEPENDENCE OF MOROCCO: AN INCIDENT OF THE SULTAN'S TRAVELS.

DRAWN BY MAURICE ROMBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MOROCCO.



A FAITHFUL TRIBE ACCLAMING THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO DURING HIS JOURNEY FROM FEZ TO TAZA.

Despite rumours to the contrary, the Sultan of Morocco is not striving to release himself from European influence, and whilst is regaining hold over his people. It is premature to affirm that a French Protectorate has been established over Morocco, with the consent of England and Spain; although it seems to be admitted that these Powers have held a diplomatic "conversation" with a view to some action in the matter of the North African Empire.

THE KING IN THE HIGHLANDS: THE DEER-STALKING SEASON.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



THE HOME OF THE RED DEER: A SCENE NEAR BALMORAL.

SCIENCE, MEMOIRS, AND HISTORY.

Mankind in the Making. By H. G. Wells. (London: Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.)

Memoirs of a Social Atom. By W. E. Adams. Two vols. (London: Hutchinson, 2s.)

Glimpses of Tennyson, and of Some of His Relations and Friends. By Agnes Grace Weld. With an Appendix by the late Bertram Tennyson. (London: Williams and Norgate, 4s. 6d.)

The à Becketts of "Punch." By Arthur William à Beckett. (Westminster: Constable, 12s. 6d.)

George Romney. By George Paston. (London: Methuen, 2s. 6d.)

Warwick Castle and its Earls, from the Saxon Times to the Present Day. By the Countess of Warwick. Two vols. (London: Hutchinson, 30s.)

Mr. Wells continues in his new volume the process of social reconstruction which he began in "Anticipations." It is an able work, marred by a defect of temperament. Mr. Wells is a little too impatient for a philosopher. He lacks the amenity that enables Mr. Herbert Spencer to see that great changes cannot be made except by almost imperceptible degrees. Mr. Spencer is always conscious that man reached the point where history begins after incalculable ages. Mr. Wells seems to think that the world has always moved on by leaps and bounds, or, if it has not, that it is high time to leap now. We do not perceive any chance of leaping from the present order of society to the New Republic which is Mr. Wells's ideal. He cannot measure his contempt for a limited monarchy, wherein the Sovereign dispenses honours and rewards. They are not dispensed under any other conditions with any greater success, and Mr. Wells's anticipation that popularly elected bodies like county councils, or incorporated societies of physicians and engineers, will give them a glamour that appeals more to intelligent minds than titles and decorations from the Crown, is not founded upon any well-observed principle of human nature. Human nature, of course, may change, although it has shown no marked variations since the beginning of historic time. Mr. Wells is commendably eager to see a new generation better than its predecessor; but what he regards as tangible evidence of improvement is too often rather extravagant speculation. He would hurry the progress by something very like social coercion. Mothers are sternly told that they must not hinder an infant's efforts to talk distinctly by saying "bye-bye" when they mean bed. But there is no scientific proof that "baby talk" is such a hindrance. Some experts differ absolutely from Mr. Wells on this point and on others. But if he is too confident, he is always stimulating in a rare degree.

There was a time, many years ago, when young men in this country read Wordsworth—the Wordsworth who sang of liberty before he became the "lost leader." They read that poet and swore by Republican principles. Mr. Adams must have read Wordsworth in his youth; at any rate, he was president of a Republican association at the age of eighteen. And at Cheltenham, of all places! He made a fiery speech from a platform, and the town rang with the audacity of "the boy Adams." About that time there was a boy named Jones who was always creeping into Buckingham Palace. Inigo Jones he was called by the wags. Mr. Adams likens his effrontery and his fame to those of the boy Jones. He smiles, too, at those old Republican principles, but says very justly that they were generous impulses, unstained by sordid motives. The boy Adams and his young friends formed a society, and printed leaflets which nobody read. Their object was to make people Republican, but not to pull down the Monarchy by force and set up a Republic. The society had an annual income of one pound six shillings and fourpence halfpenny, and a balance of fourpence halfpenny at the end of the first year. Mr. Adams describes these things with pleasant humour, and gives some excellent sketches of contemporary reformers, especially notable Chartists. He has lived to see the social and political conditions of the democracy greatly bettered, but does not seem to be so much alive to the change as another veteran of the same school, Mr. George Jacob Holyoake. Mr. Adams, indeed, takes a gloomy view of the nation. He appears to think we are all drunkards, and given over to "coarseness and vulgarity." Our novels are wicked and our plays depraved. We do not think Mr. Adams is a very good judge either of drama or fiction. But he has written one of the pleasantest books of recollections that we have read for years.

The name of Weld is not familiar among the Camerons, the Prinseps, the Wards, the Simeons, and all the well-known names of Tennyson friends. Miss Weld, however, whose "Glimpses of Tennyson" are before us in the form of a pretty volume, was Lady Tennyson's own niece; and inasmuch as two Tennysons married two Sellwoods, those two Tennysons—Alfred and Charles—were Miss Weld's uncles by marriage. She was not only the poet's near connection, but his constant guest and companion, often his little pupil and disciple, and nearly a daughter to him who tenderly loved his boys but had no girl. She tells us that her mother insisted upon remaining unmentioned by the magazine-biographers, who have told us so much of life at Farringford and Aldworth. But her little daughter had keen eyes and a good memory, and has written unpretentious and singularly charming pages about Tennyson himself. He spoke to her from the fullness of his heart, and we owe her much for such a record as this: "My uncle stopped suddenly . . . to point out the sunlight gilding . . . the fragile rock-cistus; and, tenderly plucking the delicate flower . . . he said, 'There is not a flower on all this down that owes to the sun what I owe to Christ.'" Of the "relations and friends" Miss Weld has naturally nothing to say of equal value.

Mr. Arthur à Beckett tells us that he was "brought up on *Punch*." His father, Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, was one of the moving spirits of that illustrious print from its beginnings. Two of the sons carried on the tradition, and the author of the present chronicle was

assistant-editor of *Punch* for many years. One of his uncles, William à Beckett, who rose to distinction as an Australian Judge, had the family inspiration so strongly that he contributed to the Melbourne *Punch*. Mr. Arthur à Beckett gives a lively account of the activity of his father in journalism at a very early age. He followed the paternal example, and was busy with new papers before he was two-and-twenty. If it be true that those whom the gods love die young, there must have been a great deal of celestial affection for the enterprises of Fleet Street in those times. One journal, edited by Mr. Arthur à Beckett, was owned by a sportsman who proposed that all the assets of the paper should be put on an outsider for some race at fifty to one. This counsel was not adopted, and the outsider, in racing parlance, romped in first. We read a good deal about the domestic affairs of *Punch* during Mr. Arthur à Beckett's long association with the paper. There are graphic portraits of some of his colleagues; and the traditions of his family give us glimpses of famous men who sat at the *Punch* table in a generation before his time. All Mr. à Beckett's reminiscences are excellent reading, but there are repetitions in the volume which need a little pruning.

"George Paston" has been fortunate among the writers of the "Little Books on Art"—the brief volumes, generally illustrated, that should give the hastiest reader a little correct information, a modicum of handy criticism, a compendious biography, and a charming little gallery in photography. No other painter of our great eighteenth century lends himself so graciously as Romney to this portable treatment. The lovely faces of his sitters are highly decorative, even without those delicate traces of the brush that make his use of paint technically so beautiful—for he drew his fine eighteenth-century mouths with the brush very lightly loaded—and even without the beautiful tones of his white and of his flesh-tints. The illustrations are not all of Lady Hamilton, and some male portraits are judiciously given, though not the finest. There is a craze at this time for nothing but the portraits of women by our great masters, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney; but it is only a modern and sentimental taste that can neglect the beauty and the distinction of their pictures of men. Does a reader take exception to this inclusion of Romney among the "great"? It has not been made without hesitation, but it shall stand.

On the whole, Lady Warwick has used to the full the great opportunities offered her in the making of such a book as is "Warwick Castle and its Earls." The usual compiler of this kind of work is too often barred access to the Muniment Room, the collection of old and modern letters, and other family records of those who have the good fortune to possess one of the stately homes of England. This is perhaps the reason why there was hitherto no adequate and authoritative account of the famous castle, whose history is almost as old as the history of England herself. In a really eloquent little preamble the writer points out how notable a part successive Earls of Warwick have played in our national drama—in every great war, in every battle, from Crecy to the Cromwellian combats, for among the Lord Protector's most staunch adherents was the Warwick of that day, whose grandson wedded Cromwell's beloved daughter Frances. From the rich stores at her disposal Lady Warwick has made an original selection. She does not seem to have followed any special plan, though the book is very clearly divided into six sections, each containing an account of one of the great families who have, in turn, owned the stately stronghold which towers above Shakspeare's Avon. It is evident that tales of high heroism and romance specially appeal to the writer, and that she prefers to dwell rather on the softer than on the sterner side of life as led by Lord Warwick's brave ancestors and fair ancestresses. She is particularly happy when describing such romantic episodes as the pathetically short life, love, and death of Lady Jane Grey; the lurid story of Amy Robsart; the curious adventures of that Countess of Warwick who was the wife of the first Rich created Earl of Warwick, a lady whose name—Penelope—was only suitable inasmuch as she was "a married woman with a multitude of suitors," and whose "attenuated regard for the marriage tie" is judged so severely by her latest biographer that she says poor Penelope Rich "is better forgotten than remembered." Many readers will turn with special interest to the really charming chapters in which is told, with considerable humour and sympathy, the story of yet another famous Countess of Warwick, the saintly Lady Mary Boyle, usually known as Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick, who, as the writer observes, was probably the only member of any of the Warwick families who was ever in the full technical sense of the word "converted." The House of Greville provides Lady Warwick with material for many interesting chapters. Long before they became Earls of Warwick, the Grevilles were great and noteworthy folk—important Warwickshire landowners and members of Parliament. Sir Fulke Greville, the first Lord Brooke, was a friend of Bacon, of Sir Philip Sidney, and last, not least, of Queen Elizabeth; while he lived to see himself even higher in the favour of the next Sovereign, James I., whom he entertained at Warwick Castle. As to the "little Brooke" of Horace Walpole's letters—that is, Francis Greville, first Earl of Warwick—Lady Warwick gives some most amusing and quaint extracts from his correspondence, and from that of his successor, George Greville, who did so much to beautify the castle, and a portion of whose correspondence with Lord Nelson, including a letter recently discovered at Warwick Castle and never before published, is given in facsimile. In a short *Envoy*, headed 1893-1903, Lady Warwick winds up her most interesting and welcome chronicle of "Warwick Castle and its Earls" with a short account of her own and her husband's aims and objects, and of the way in which they have attempted to carry out their theory that their beautiful country home is a national glory as well as a personal possession.

The fitness of the Scripturally reminiscent refrain in the mouth of Thomas is doubtful, but Rudyard Atkins knows his Bible. The familiar "Bridge Guard" and "Recessional" bear a second reading, and the "Dirge of Dead Sisters" honours the too-little-honoured heroic women who fought death and sickness on the veldt; but in many of his other verses it is hard to follow Mr. Kipling. He grows more obscure and interjectional, and the italicised refrain, once effective, has become a vice.

MR. KIPLING'S POETIC PROGRESS.

From the "Departmental Ditties" through the famous "Barrack-Room Ballads" and "The Seven Seas" to "The Five Nations," which Messrs. Methuen have just issued, it is now possible to trace Mr. Kipling's progress in poesy for the space of about half a generation. The first-named book came into fullness of life and recognition through the success of the second; the third was read with kindly interest in the light of its predecessor; and the fourth must, we suppose, be judged in relation to all the others, if the Kipling body of verse is to be regarded as an organic whole. This, however, must not be read as assuming that we have the whole already before us; for that, taking into consideration the author's years and vigour, is neither likely nor desirable, supposing that better is in store.

When the "Barrack-Room Ballads" leaped into popular favour, and the nation realised, with a delicious thrill as of some surreptitious enjoyment, that here indeed was a poet above the Law, more sober critics, as in duty bound, shook their heads over the undisciplined lines, but, for the sake of certain undeniable qualities, forbore to ban. For the work had the saving grace of freshness, and its revelation of the mind and heart of the common soldier came with a human appeal that persuaded us to believe in its reality. We had already come to love Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd in prose, and their appearance in verse under other names, or, rather, under the common symbol of "Tommy," was at the time irresistible. The moment was fortunate. A great reading public had grown up that neither knew nor cared about polish and finish in literature. It was the early day of that "bounder fiction" which still drags its unholy tradition across all our magazines. Mr. Kipling ("glory be," as Mulvaney says) is a good many pegs higher than that, but withal he is of the rough-and-ready school, and as yet the world has never accorded the stamp of permanency to the rough-and-ready in letters. Wherefore it was that sane critics at first smiled tolerantly on "the young barbarian all at play," because they believed, not perhaps that he would yet become civilised (a consummation too conventional by far), but that one day he would develop into a very noble savage. The grim pathos and fierce realism of "Danny Deever," "Gunga Din," of "Gentlemen Rankers," and the idyllic lilt of "Mandalay" set us jiggling to a new tune. Like Oliver Twist, we rashly wanted more, and we have got it.

In the "Barrack-Room Ballads" and criticisms thereon, there were glimmerings of the idea that here, at length, we had a poet of "Empire." The phrase had not the strange significance it now possesses, when the gyrations of Brummagem have carried it from obscurity to veneration, and from veneration to fear. A plunge in "The Seven Seas" brought the idea to maturity. Here, indeed, was the poet of the Empire, and straightway (in the interests of catch-halfpenny journalism) he chanted the lamentable measures of "Pay, pay, pay" (mercifully absent from "The Five Nations"). Now, mark an ironic paradox. In his earlier songs, Mr. Kipling sang worthily of war. "Screw-Guns," "Snarley-yow," and "The Young British Soldier" seemed to betoken greater things of a like kind, given opportunity. And lo! in its infinite wisdom, Providence (or Mr. Chamberlain) provided the Imperial poet with an Empire-welding conflict, which the bard dutifully went out for to see. The result is curiously disappointing. Nevertheless, the only song that really "emerges" in "The Five Nations" is one of the field. "Boots," with its curious psychological insight, may alone take rank with the finest of the "Barrack-Room Ballads," and if the precious Imperial idea had not hindered Mr. Kipling's legitimate occupation of "revealin' Tommy's soul," as a parodist had it, we might have had poetry of the veldt campaigns that would have been Empire-making in the best sense, because its Imperial burden was implicit and not obvious. "Boots" is a characteristically Kiplingesque realisation of the horrors of an infantry march during the earlier part of the war, where all the bodily hardships are eclipsed by the mental torture of seeing nothing but

Boots—boots—boots—boots movin' up and down again;

There's no discharge in the war.

The rhythm of the dreary trudge is suggested by a curious artifice—

I—'ave—marched—six weeks in 'Ell and certify

It—is—not—fire—devils, dark, or anything

But boots—boots—boots—movin' up and down again,

An' there's no discharge in the war.

The fitness of the Scripturally reminiscent refrain in the mouth of Thomas is doubtful, but Rudyard Atkins knows his Bible. The familiar "Bridge Guard" and "Recessional" bear a second reading, and the "Dirge of Dead Sisters" honours the too-little-honoured heroic women who fought death and sickness on the veldt; but in many of his other verses it is hard to follow Mr. Kipling. He grows more obscure and interjectional, and the italicised refrain, once effective, has become a vice.

Not that Mr. Kipling's hand and eye have lost their cunning, but he is far too little chary of selection; otherwise he would scarcely have reprinted so many pieces of sheer daily journalism. The most glaring example in this present volume is the unfortunate song supposed to be in praise of cruisers, a piece of writing in a double sense meretricious. But against this it is only fair to set the really fine lyric utterance of "The Bell Buoy," where Mr. Kipling conveys to the reader all the wonder and mystery of a lonely stretch of sea. His gift of vivid personification, too, makes him hear the bell-buoy pealing the words "Shoal, 'ware shoal," across the water. It is an admirable piece of imagination that conceives for the bell a twin-brother who was destined for ecclesiastical uses, and the lofty contempt of the free guardian of ships for the decently ordered life of his kinsman on shore may be regarded as the epitome of much that has made Kipling the force he is in contemporary letters.

A SUGGESTION FOR ENGLISH HOUSE-TOPS: ROOF-GARDENS IN BERLIN.



A LOFTY PLAYGROUND.

OVERLOOKING A BERLIN THOROUGHFARE.

AN ELABORATE ROOF-GARDEN.

EDEN AMONG THE CHIMNEY-POTS.

THE GLORIFICATION OF THE LEADS.

RUS IN URBE: A ROOF-GARDEN OVERLOOKING THE RIVER.

That the possibilities of roof-gardening are endless is demonstrated by the success with which the art is cultivated in Berlin. Were the plan extensively carried out in this country, the present dreary wilderness of south or east London would become a Paradise. In New York at least one great theatre has adopted the idea.

CUPOLAS IN THE DECORATIVE SCHEME.

DARING FEATS OF CLIMBING ON BRITISH MOUNTAINS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. P. ABRAHAM, KESWICK; AND A. HOLMES.



ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT SKYE CLIMBS: THE "INACCESSIBLE" PINNACLE, SOUTHERN DEAN.

THE MOST DIFFICULT SCOTTISH CLIMB: THE TRAVERSE, CROWBERRY RIDGE.

ARROWHEAD ARête, GREAT GABLE.

THE FIFTH MOST DIFFICULT CLIMB IN LAKELAND: KERN KNOTT'S CRACK, GREAT GABLE.

THE ARROWHEAD ARête, GREAT GABLE.

ASCENDING THE ARROWHEAD ARête, GREAT GABLE.

AN ADVENTUROUS SCOTTISH CLIMB: AN AWKWARD CHIMNEY.

THE SECOND MOST DIFFICULT BRITISH CLIMB: THE EAGLE'S NEST ARête.

AN EASY CHIMNEY.

THE MOST DIFFICULT BRITISH CLIMB: SCAFFEL PINNACLE.

THE PILLAR ROCK: THE NOSE.

ON SCAFFEL: COLLIER'S EXIT, MOSS GHYLL.

ON THE SCAFFEL CLIFFS.

SAVAGE GULLY, THE NORTH FACE OF THE PILLAR.



1. ROUND DUTCH COTTAGE WITH CHIMNEY IN THE MIDDLE.

2. THE DUTCHMAN CROPPENBURGH'S SEA-DYKE, FOR BUILDING WHICH HE RECEIVED A GRANT OF LAND FOR SETTLEMENT IN 1622.

3. THE OLD WELL, SUNK BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION AIDED BY A GIFT FROM THE CITY OF LONDON.

4. DUTCH COTTAGE NEARLY THREE CENTURIES OLD.

HOLLAND IN ENGLAND: RELICS OF THE DUTCH SETTLEMENT ON CANVEY ISLAND, IN THE THAMES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. H. AVERY.

In the year 1622, one-third of the lands of Canvey Island was given in fee simple to Joas Croppenburgh, a Dutchman, in consideration of his securing the island from the overflowing of the tide and the encroachment of the sea. He accordingly built dykes on the Dutch principle. These remain to this day. In the island there is now no Dutch community.



1. CHILDREN WAITING FOR RELIEF OUTSIDE ONE OF THE SOUP-KITCHENS.

3. AN IDEAL SPINNING-MILL, THE SECOND LARGEST IN BURY.

2. A SCENE OUTSIDE A SOUP-KITCHEN AT BURY.

4. DISTRIBUTING FOOD TO DISTRESSED COTTON-SPINNERS.

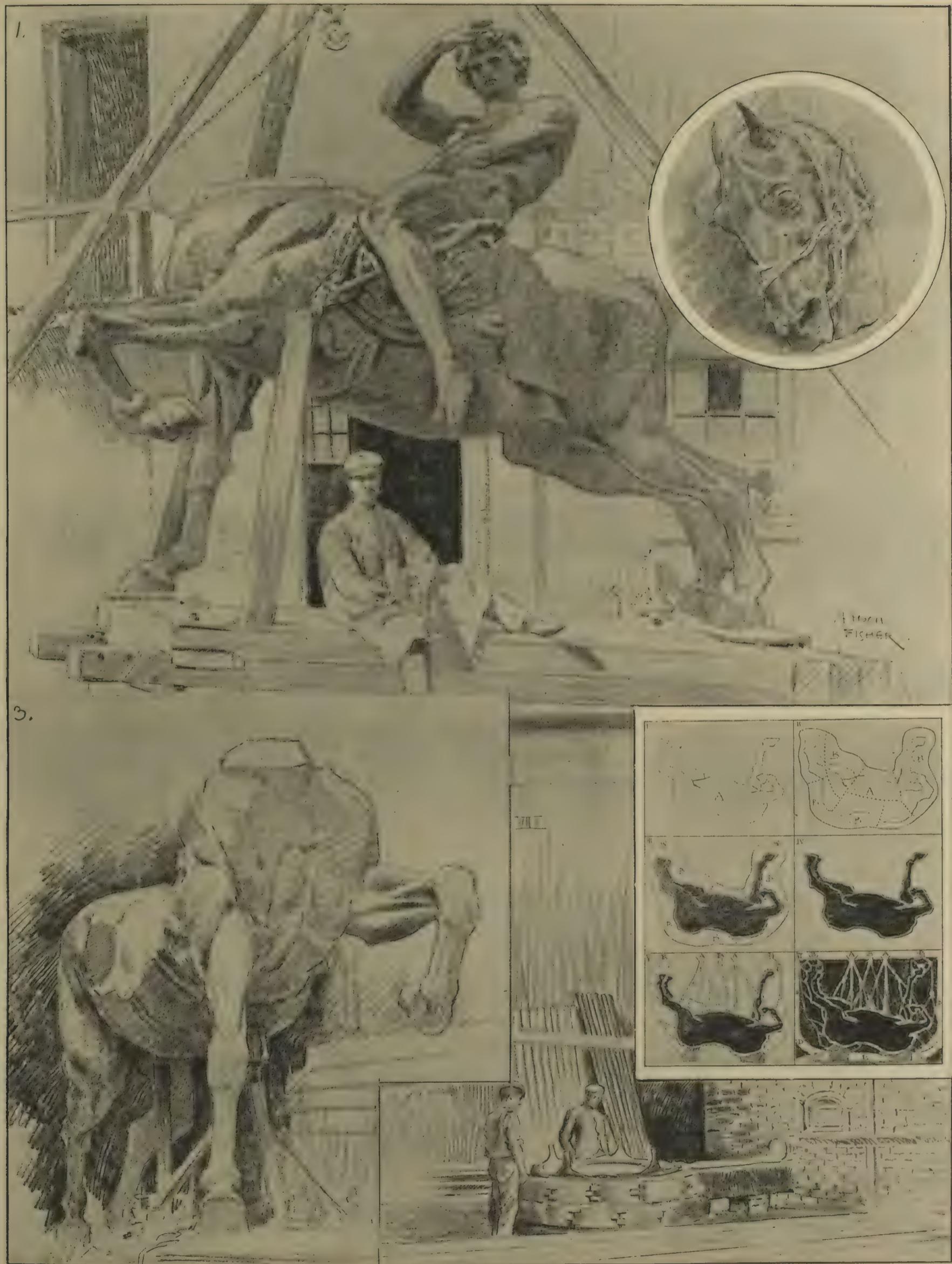
THE EFFECT OF THE NEW YORK COTTON CORNER ON ENGLISH INDUSTRY: THE DISTRESS IN THE COTTON-SPINNING DISTRICTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE TOPICAL PRESS BUREAU.

The clergy have taken a leading part in alleviating the distress, and the Church has been reinforced by the Stage, for Mr. Wilson Barrett has presented a gift of 8000 loaves.

THE LARGEST PIECE OF SCULPTURE EVER CAST IN ENGLAND.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



FOR THE RHODES MONUMENT ON THE MATOPPO HILLS: THE BRONZE CAST OF MR. G. F. WATTS' UNFINISHED WORK, "PHYSICAL ENERGY."

1. THE BRONZE CAST ARRANGED FOR THE INSPECTION OF LORD GREY ON SEPTEMBER 20, PREVIOUS TO ITS DEPARTURE FOR CAPE TOWN. 2. THE HORSE'S HEAD, WHICH ALONE WEIGHS FROM 5 TO 6 CWT.

3. THE ORIGINAL MODEL OF THE HORSE, WHICH IS TO RETURN TO MR. WATTS' STUDIO AT MELBURY ROAD FOR COMPLETION BEFORE BEING PRESENTED TO THE GOVERNMENT.

THE METHOD.—The body and fore-legs of the horse were cast in one piece, as shown in the diagrams explaining the process. I. The original model *A* is surrounded in II. by *B*, a plaster "piece" mould. This is now (III.) sunk in a pit below the surface level *Q*. The inside of the piece-mould *B* is coated with beeswax, and this is backed with resin for strength to the exact thickness desired for the ultimate bronze. This is filled with the dark core *C*, of mixed burnt clay and plaster called "ludo" moulding. In IV. the piece-mould has been removed, leaving the wax cast containing the core of ludo. V. The next process is to build two systems of metal pipes or "runners" all over the wax model—one system for admission of the liquid bronze, and the other for escape of air. In VI. this wax cast with its runners is bedded in ludo, and tightly packed all round with the same material, a space being left underneath at *v* for a fireplace, and flues are made all round at *D D*. In this case the fire was kept burning day and night for sixteen days before the ludo material had become thoroughly baked. The wax had run out at *v* through tubes left for the purpose, and the thin space where the wax had been was now left for the admission of the bronze, which was poured in from the furnace at *AA*, and the cast made. VII. shows the furnace and trough leading the molten metal into a basin erected above the pit, in the base of which are the openings *AA* of Figure VI.

LADIES' PAGE.

There is a really serious side to the announcement that yet another of the great titles of the land—that of Duchess of Roxburghe—is to be worn by an American girl. For we have a surplus of women in all ranks of society except the working class, and there we have a scarcity, simply because so many unmarried women are needed to be absorbed in domestic service that we have room for a million more than are required to match with the men of the same class. But in the upper ranks the position of a girl who does not marry in due course is dull and uninteresting; physical starvation does not



A SMART DESIGN IN BLACK AND GOLD.

threaten her, it is true; but the interest of life—all that makes it worth living—is to be had by the daughters of the aristocracy only through marriage. Middle-class girls, who can enter nowadays upon many careers, are far less dependent upon marriage than their aristocratic sisters, bound by rank and family feeling to a very narrow path while they remain single. It is a serious matter for them to find the American maiden so largely stepping into the ranks of the young matronage of Britain. Most of the married women in Anglo-American society are charming. They have usually been heiresses to large wealth, it is true, but not their most detracting critic could pretend to suppose that they had not enough personal charm alone to account for their having been wooed by Englishmen. But are not English girls trained to the liking of Englishmen in the upper ranks of society? It is time for the Belgravian mother to ask herself this question. As to the converse question which has been propounded in one of the society papers—to wit, why American heiresses are so ready to marry English husbands when we are always being assured that the American men are held by their own ladies to make the very best husbands in the world—perhaps the glamour of a peer's title sufficiently answers that question. Besides, the old countries, with all their customs established for the comfort and convenience of wealthy and aristocratic people for generations past, are more agreeable for the owners of wealth to live in than democratic America, where so much is still "in the making." All the same, it is a little humorous to contrast the praise of the American husband by his fellow-countrywomen with their readiness to marry foreigners when they get the opportunity.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, in her article in the current *Fortnightly Review*, makes the usual claim for "American husbands" that they are the best in the world. But there is one observation made in the course of her essay which seems to me to be a mistake. She speaks slightly of the women who are nothing but the mothers of men, saying in effect that the domestic woman has no idea of the wide interest of the life of a woman who works in the world, and that the women who are tied down to domesticity are so

because they deserve nothing better—if they were worthy of better things they would be doing them. I am always very sorry when I hear such observations from one of ourselves, because I believe that the average woman is at least as usefully, as well as most agreeably and happily, employed in domestic life as she would be in any other capacity; and, further, I believe that domestic life needs the devotion and heart-whole interest of a large proportion of the women of each generation. It is true that women who enjoy in combination exceptional brain-power and good health, and who do not have very large families, can so organise life as to do other work, and yet keep their domestic affairs duly in train. But for the average woman's powers of mind and body, domestic life is an adequate occupation, especially when there are children to bring up; and it is one for which the woman who does it well deserves recognition and reward every whit as much as if she were doing any outside business.

I think it is so necessary to the well-being and comfort of the world and the proper upbringing of children that a great proportion of capable, if not exceptionally gifted, women shall feel domestic life and its duties sufficient for their ambitions, that I am very sorry when I hear a clever woman belittling it as a vocation. Law and custom do so first, it is true. A wife and mother in this country has still very limited rights to the guardianship of her children (till 1886 she had none at all), and gains no claim to a share of the property that she helps her husband to acquire by her life-long devotion to the work of the home. He can bequeath away from her every penny, and leave her dependent in her old age—an injustice that even the Code Napoléon forbids; and he calls it "giving" her the money she may receive from him for her personal expenses during his life—and so it is given, in the sense that he is legally at liberty to bestow or withhold it at his whim. But though this must make clever women hesitate before giving their powers entirely to domestic life, I wish writers would insist that domestic duty and motherhood *are* worthy of the devotion of an able woman.

For a good lesson in autumn styles one always looks forward to the Drury Lane drama. In the new production a leading house has supplied no fewer than eighty of the best class of frocks to be worn on the stage. One of the dress scenes shows us the evening styles—a ball-night at the Brighton Metropole; another shows smart day-dress, as displayed at the Kempton Park racecourse. Mrs. Tree's 22-carat gold gown is likely to be most talked about; one catches one's breath as she glides on sinuously with this mass of real golden thread spun into a Princess robe. It is all gold except for a tiny square chemisette of cobwebby lace, and is relieved only by roses in silver round the feet. Then there is another gown for the same character in the play superb beyond the dream of copying by the ordinary woman—an ermine gown in Empire shape; the whole dress is of the costly fur, shaped in to the waist most cleverly, and only the little yoke-bodice is of lace. Over this sumptuous gown appears a costly fur stole—Russian sable lined with ermine. But the dresses that can be regarded by the average woman as "within the range of practical politics" are, after all, the most interesting.

One such is the cloth gown worn by Miss Halstan; it is in palest pastel-blue faced cloth, and is cut with that clinging effect to below the knee that many new models display. Several rows of gauging round the hips just beneath a close-fitting yoke-bit alone adorn the skirt; but the bodice is fully trimmed with a pelerine effect in the cape epaulettes, having a vest of white cloth embroidered with black silk braid and gold; with this goes a toque of chinchilla trimmed with a tuft of blue ribbon and a few roses. Mrs. Tree's tea-jacket is worthy of being copied; it is of black moiré cut with long coat-tails in the Directoire fashion, and opens in front to show a close-fitting waist-coat of brocade in many lovely bright tints, with a full frill of lace down the centre; the revers that turn back from this pretty front are faced with pale-green velvet and bound with a deep banding of gold galon. Worn over a plain and long-trained moiré skirt, this is a most elegant garment, and yet not too elaborate to be copied. Then there is a sufficiently simple and yet stylish wedding-dress of white satin trimmed with downward lines of silver passementerie, and having the inevitable pelerine effect on the bodice, arranged by loosely hanging sleeves to the elbow, and berthe of chiffon and silver-flecked lace. The bridesmaids are prettily clad, too, in coates of pale-blue mirror-velvet, held in at the waist with deep belts of folded blue satin fastened with diamond buttons, above white satin skirts; shower bouquets of pink roses giving a Pompadour colouring. But, in fact, there is not one of the eighty gowns that does not do credit to the management. One of the "walking ladies" has a dress in white cloth trimmed with wide lines of black and white that is as good as a gown can be of its kind.

One of the prettiest fashions of the moment is the wearing of a miniature on a short gold chain round the neck, the little picture set in a circle of pearls or diamonds. The Parisian Diamond Company have promptly exploited this idea, as the ever-fashionable stock of this company does every new and charming style, presenting us with the latest ideas in ornament of new designs, as well as copying from the best antique models. Antique are many of the designs, indeed, in which the new fashion, "which is the old" (as Tennyson puts it), is represented; for the wearing of the miniature of a beloved and lovely friend or relative is but one of the Louis Quinze modes reinstated. In harmony with the "cult of the baby," which the good example of the Throne has made now fashionable, it is often a little child's face that appears in these new jewel-encircled portrait-holders. The sets of neck-slides in diamonds that hold up a bit of lace or tulle round the

throat are another speciality of this enterprising firm's productions; while the undetectable, though artificial beauty of their pearls is seen in the ever-fashionable because always becoming pearl-strings and ropes, and also in the dog-collars of pearl with diamond slides that are so becoming to the middle-aged, as well as to the young. The only addresses of the Parisian Diamond Company are 85, New Bond Street, 37, 38, and 43, Burlington Arcade, 143, Regent Street, London, and 325, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.

Our Illustrations are both smart visiting-gowns for autumn wear. The chic little belt with the postilion tails should be noticed, and the design gives us a collar to correspond. The gown is in black or dark fancy material, trimmed, in the manner seen, with black velvet edged with gold and finished with gold tassels, while black velvet tabs finish the skirt, which is laid in narrow pleats. The other costume is in light cloth, trimmed with strappings of either a darker cloth, braid, or black velvet ribbon passed through rings of passementerie. A similar trimming is arranged on the pelerine cape above the sleeves and on the front, and tassels end the trimming. The falling lace veil hangs from the brim of the flat-shaped, rose-trimmed hat.

At a time when public attention is being directed to the question of the birth-rate and infantile mortality statistics, it is gratifying to come across such a concise and useful little pamphlet as that on "The Feeding of Infants and Growing Children," which can be obtained gratis on application to Mellin's Food, Limited, Peckham, London, S.E. The high infantile death-rate during the first five years of life is largely due to preventable causes, the most important of which are questions of feeding. The work referred to contains a large amount of extremely valuable information which should be in the possession of every mother.

Æolian Hall, New Bond Street, formerly known as the Grosvenor Gallery, has now been opened by the Orchestrelle Company, manufacturers of the well-known "Pianola," who have secured the premises. They have redecorated it in the most superb manner; it is now

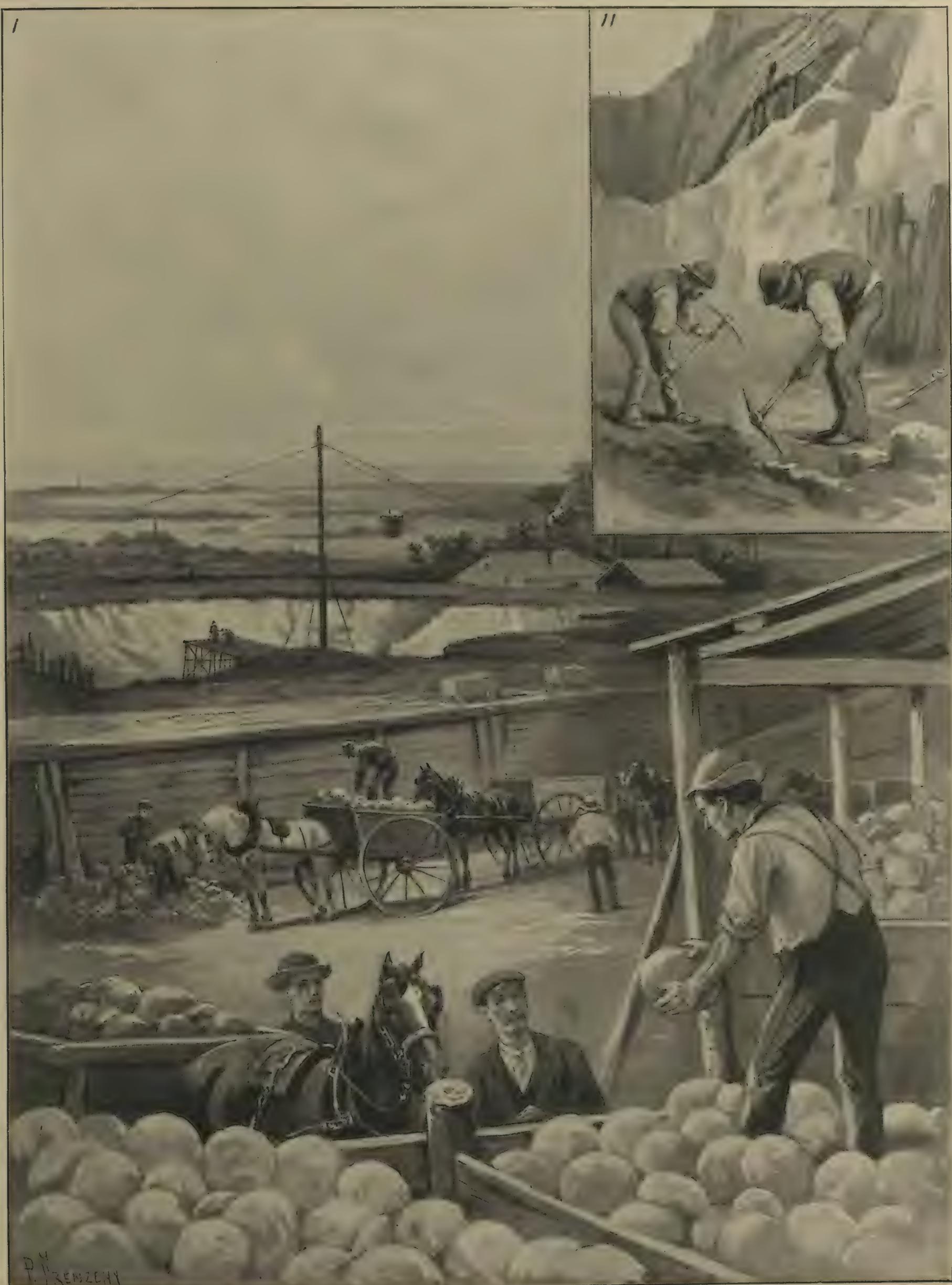


A PRETTILY TRIMMED WALKING GOWN.

positively like a great nobleman's palace. The magnificent scale on which the alterations have been effected makes the "Pianola's" new home take rank as one of the finest buildings devoted to the sale of musical instruments, either in this country or abroad, and in future the Orchestrelle Company's entire London business will be conducted from Æolian Hall. Situated as it is in the centre of fashionable London, the concert-hall, which will be shortly opened, will be certain to find popular favour. The seating capacity of the hall is between four and five hundred, and it is the intention of the proprietors to let it for concerts of the highest class. It will also be used for the purpose of holding "Pianola" and Æolian Recitals, when music-lovers will have an opportunity of gauging the merits of these instruments, not only for solo purposes, but as accompaniments to the human voice.—FILOMENA.

THE THREATENED AMERICAN TRUST IN ENGLISH BALL CLAY: THE INDUSTRY

DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.



1. BALL CLAY READY FOR TRANSPORT TO THE POTTERIES.

2. LABOURERS EXCAVATING THE CLAY.

The blue clay which is used in the manufacture of porcelain has been threatened by an American trust, which proposes to acquire a monopoly. This peculiar clay, which is found only in South Devon, between Chudleigh and Newton Abbot, is excavated with picks, worked into balls of ten and twelve inches diameter, and then sent to the potteries throughout nearly the whole world. The commodity commands high prices.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SCIENCE AND THE NOVELISTS.

A tolerably wide course of novel-reading, undertaken by way of passing the time during the many long railway journeys that fall to my lot in the course of my professional avocations, has fitted me to pronounce judgment on at least one phase of the fiction of the period. That particular aspect concerns the part played by scientific topics and facts in the building and developing of the plot of many modern novels. Those who have not made a special study of this topic cannot realise the extent to which science is drawn upon by the romancer. It is as if the demand for realism was responded to by the novelist coming direct to the great fountain of facts, and drawing therefrom inspiration for his stories. Such a method of treating science may not always be trustworthy—I mean in so far as the details of the story are concerned. The novelist, like the poet, claims, I believe, a certain amount of latitude, and he may occasionally find himself lying under the temptation to fit in scientific fact to the exigencies of his tale rather than to adopt the reverse procedure.

I remember an excellent illustration of this latter fact. It has long been supposed by the uninstructed that the eye of, say, a murdered person retains the image of his assailant—that is, supposing the aggressor was the last object, so to speak, which met the gaze of the dying person. Furthermore, it is believed by many that it is within the possibilities of science that from the dead eye a photograph of the assailant might thus be procured. I need not point out that were such a proceeding possible it might prove a very awkward thing for an innocent person who happened to come upon the dying man and who was intent on rendering assistance. He might in certain circumstances be very well suspected of being himself the author of the crime. Now, a story appeared years ago in a magazine—written, if I mistake not, by one who has since attained a prominent position in dramatic literature—in which the possibility of photographing the dead eye was duly made the pivot of the tale, the scientist aiding justice in the tracking of the murderer.

For the belief in such scientific results there is no justification; yet, as in the case of many myths, one may find for the belief a certain dim nucleus of fact. Experiments made upon what is known as the *visual purple* of the eye of the rabbit have shown that for a certain time after death there may persist in the eye an image of an object; only, careful anterior preparation is required to obtain this result. It is needless to say that such preparation could not be represented in a case of sudden death. The eye of the animal, removed immediately after death, and kept in the dark for a time, has to be exposed in front of a window. The pattern of the window-pane was for a time recognisable in the eye. This is the bare nucleus around which have accumulated the ideas which give rise to the popular notion regarding the possibility of aiding the law by photographing the dead eye.

I need hardly point out that wherever the science of the medical man is brought into requisition to aid the cause of justice, we find represented various phases such as the novelist delights to use. A good many of the deductions of Sherlock Holmes are of this character, just as in a certain class of tale where hypnotism forms the leading feature of the story, medical experience is drawn upon—sometimes over-large and without due support—to bring about the *dénouement*. The case of "Trilby" will occur to many of us as an illustration of the alleged power of the hypnotiser to bring about results, in the case of Svengali in his influence over Trilby, such as, I make bold to say, if not impossible, are happily very rarely illustrated in mesmeric details. The field of hypnotism has been very well tilled indeed by the modern novelist of a certain type, having been exploited almost as assiduously as by the American quacks who advertise that anybody (for a pecuniary consideration) can be taught the secret of obtaining influence over everybody else.

The field of science as it presents itself to the writer of fiction, however, is by no means confined to purely mental things. The other day I read a story in which the writer, with a thorough up-to-date appreciation of the utilisation of the sensation of the hour, made the new substance, radium, the central idea of his tale. A scientist was supposed to have amassed a large quantity of the element, and a burglar, knowing its value, thought he would steal the radium. He entered the house of the scientist, and proceeded to his work. But radium has its dangers, of course, and the burglar meets his fate in being practically annihilated. This, I repeat, is fiction well up to date.

Theories of heredity have not escaped the attention of philosophical novelists. There is a tremendous attraction for the writers of fiction to weave around the old saying regarding "the sins of the fathers" many a social tragedy. The child, in such a case, is regarded as being propelled onwards to his fate by influences beyond his power of control. As in the story relating the case of the black who graduated at Oxford—a story of the late Grant Allen's—and who, marrying an English girl, returned as a missionary to his people, we find heredity drawn upon. The black reverted to his primitive instincts, and was one night seen by his wife taking part in a savage orgie. Needless to say, she was made to die from the shock. The story of "Sir Richard Calmady" may be cited as another instance of a novelist who has drawn upon science for the leading feature of the tale. A terrible prenatal shock results in the birth of a deformed infant. Now this, if at the best a very unlikely case to occur, is a result the possibility of which is denied by many medical men. "Lucas Malet" will, no doubt, be fully aware that the *post hoc* doctrine involves a fallacy here which physiology has not been slow to point out. The influence of such impressions is surrounded by a very distinct atmosphere of doubt.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to *Chess Editor*.
V OPPERMANN (Marseilles).—We regret we know of no one at present desiring a correspondence game.

P DALY (Brighton).—The substituted version shall have our attention.

Fire Plug. Your solution of No. 3098 is incorrect. The other will be duly acknowledged in its proper place.

A W DANIEL.—Thanks for amended position and new problem, both of which we hope will pass muster.

H G COOPER (West Ham).—Thanks; we hope to find it up to our standard.

T A BROCK.—There is nothing like "try again." We will give your new position every consideration.

H T K AND OTHERS.—You are wrong. There is no mate by 1. P to B 4th.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 3089 and 3090 received from BANARSI DAS (Moradabad); of No. 3096 from Charles Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3097 from Charles H Allen, A J Allen (Hampstead), D B R (Olan), and A G (Pancsova); of No. 3098 from Albert Wolff (Putney) and H S Brandreth (Montreux).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 3099 received from Shadforth, G Bishop (Liverpool), C E Perugini, Fire Plug, F Henderson (Liverpool), T Roberts, L Reeve, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), F J S (Hampstead), Albert Wolff (Putney), A P Bannister, Sorrento, W D Easton (Sunderland), H S Brandreth (Montreux), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), W P K (Clifton), J Fletcher (Hastings), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), R Worters (Canterbury), Charles Burnett, and F Ede (Canterbury).

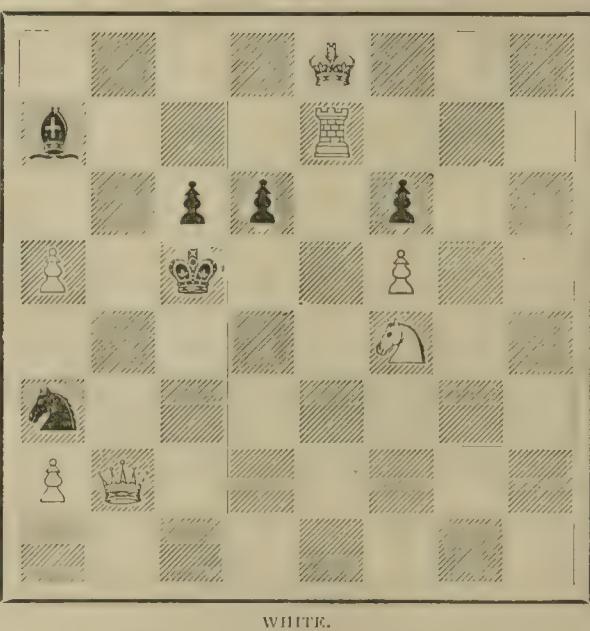
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3098.—BY BANARSI DAS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to B 4th P to Q 8th (a Q)
2. Q to K 6th (ch) K takes Q, or moves.
3. Q or Kt mates.

If Black play 1. K to K 5th, 2. Kt to B 3rd (ch); if 1. K to B 3rd, 2. Q to B 8th (ch); if 1. K to B 4th, then 2. Q to B 3rd (ch), and Q mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 3101.—BY J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN PLYMOUTH.

Game played in the Counties Chess Association Tournament between the Rev. W. C. PALMER and Mr. G. E. WAINWRIGHT.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Mr. W.) BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th P to K 3rd P to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to K 5th B to K 2nd B to K 2nd
5. Kt to B 3rd Q to K 2nd Q to K 2nd
6. P to K 3rd P to B 3rd P to B 3rd
7. B to Q 3rd P takes P P takes P
We are not sure of the utility of this capture. Casting at once seems more natural.

8. B takes P Kt to Kt 3rd P to B 5th
9. B to Q 3rd Kt to Q 4th Kt to B 5th
10. B takes B Q takes K P to Q Kt 4th
11. Castles Castles Castles
12. R to B sq Kt takes Kt Kt takes Kt
13. P takes Kt B to Q 2nd B to Q 2nd
14. Kt to K 5th P to Kt 3rd P to Kt 3rd
15. P to K 4th P to K 4th P to K 4th

The first step towards establishing a fine centre of Pawns. It is at this point White begins to assert his superiority.

16. B takes P P to B 3rd P to B 5th
17. Kt to B 3rd K R to Q sq P to B 6th
18. Q to K 2nd P to Q B 4th P to Q B 5th
19. P to K 4th B to B 3rd R takes Kt
20. Q to K 2nd Q R to B sq P to K 5th
21. Q R to K sq Kt to R 5th Resigns.

Admirably played. Neither of the advanced Pawns can be taken with any degree of safety.

22. P to B 5th P to B 5th
23. B to B 2nd Kt takes P P to B 5th
24. B P takes K P P to Q Kt 4th
25. Kt to Q 4th P to B 4th P to B 4th
26. Q to Kt 3rd Kt takes K P to B 5th
27. R takes Kt Resigns.

Again well played. His object is to maintain the Queen's Pawn, for which purpose the Bishop is more valuable here than the Rook. The two passed Pawns win.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played by correspondence between Messrs. HODGES and MORGAN.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. H.) BLACK (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th P to K 3rd P to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to K 5th Q Kt to Q 2nd Q Kt to Q 2nd
5. P takes P P takes P P takes R
6. P to K 3rd P to B 3rd P to B 3rd
7. B to Q 3rd Q to R 4th Q to R 4th

This sally of the Queen serves no good purpose. It has to come back again presently, after losing two moves.

8. Kt to K 2nd B to Q 3rd P takes P
9. Castles Castles Castles
10. Kt to Kt 3rd P to K R 3rd P to K R 3rd
11. B to R 4th Q to B 2nd P takes P
12. R to Q B sq Q to B 2nd P takes Kt
13. Cleverly frustrating P to Kt 4th by 13. Kt to Kt 5th, Q to Kt sq; 14. Kt takes B, Q takes Kt; 15. Kt to B 5th, etc.

14. B to K 5th Q to Q 5th (ch) Resigns.

The attack is now overwhelming. How skilfully White handles his forces as seen from the compunctionary character of his opponent's play.

15. P to Q R 3rd P to Q R 3rd P to Q R 3rd

An ingenious effort to save the game; but there is always a move in hand against him.

16. P takes P Kt to K 4th P to K 4th
17. P takes Kt Kt to K 4th P to K 4th
18. P to K B 3rd Kt to K 5th P takes Kt
19. P takes B P to K Kt 4th P to K Kt 4th
20. P to K 4th P to K 4th P to K 4th

The attack is now overwhelming. How skilfully White handles his forces as seen from the compunctionary character of his opponent's play.

21. P takes P Kt to K 4th P to K 4th
22. P takes Kt Kt to K 4th P to K 4th
23. P takes Kt Kt to K 4th P to K 4th
24. P to Q 4th Resigns.

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THE NEAR EASTERN PROBLEM.

In years to come, when the Turk's dominion in Eastern Europe is at an end, and Russia has reached the Mediterranean Sea by way of Constantinople, much that seems hard to account for in the working of the Balkan agitation will stand revealed. Of all European countries, Russia, if she may be rightly included in the list, has shown the most consistent foreign policy. France has moved very far since the days of the Crimean Campaign: her greatest work lies in North Africa. Germany is too tightly hemmed in by France beyond Alsace and Lorraine on the west, and Russia on her Polish provinces, to do more than give the Russian a free hand in return for a consideration. Great Britain has declared that in supporting Abdul Hamid II, she has put her money on the wrong horse. Italy does not count by herself, and would never go out of her way to play a game for the sake of her old, harsh rival, Austria. German interests are to be found in the direction of Asia Minor; if these can be secured, she will not trouble about Turkey in Europe; and though Austria has powerful interests at stake, and cannot stand unmoved if Russia passes Novi Bazar, she must move alone to secure the integrity of the Danube's approaches, and if weakened by war, yield to German weight when the Dual Empire collapses. In the Near East it would appear that the time is wellnigh ripe for developments to which Russian foreign policy has been moving since 1878. A quarter of a century has changed or modified the political attitude and aspirations of Europe, partly, no doubt, on account of the great growth of the Imperial and Colonial sentiments. Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy must travel far afield for their colonies; Russia has but to move to the south in Europe and to the east in Asia, and territories that will require some centuries for their full development lie within her grasp.

So far as the Balkan States are concerned, Russian intrigue has been at the back of all their political movements since Benjamin Disraeli brought "Peace with Honour" from the German capital. The strings that have set the kingly puppets dancing have been pulled in St. Petersburg, and woe to the puppet that has danced the wrong measure! The predecessors of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and King Peter of Servia point the moral, and show what follows disobedience. Russian politics are neither moral nor immoral—they are non-moral; they move to an appointed end, and in that movement they think no more of opposition than the steam-roller thinks of the stray flint that rises from its appointed place on the road. Unless internal affairs are more than usually upset, or the developments in the Far East seem likely to bring part of the Old and New World into line against her, Russia welcomes disaffection in the Balkans: the fires of war are needed to light her path to Constantinople. So soon as her enemies, the Powers that would block her road, are at each other's throats, the opposition is reduced to a minimum, and the long-deferred journey can be made. Not by land; the time has passed for that. The Black Sea route to Constantinople is a very pleasant one, as the writer of these lines knows by experience; the Russian Black Sea Squadron is powerful, modern, and at the time of writing, fully mobilised. Turkey has a fleet at anchor a few miles below Stamboul, a large collection of vessels. In 1897, when the Padisha had given orders that his gallant sailors were to proceed to the Piraeus and the Greek coast towns, and complete the subjugation of the Greeks, who now sides with him against the Bulgarian, the vessels, without exception, were pronounced by their German commander-in-chief to be quite unfit to go to sea—their boilers were too foul to permit the lighting of fires. Since this condemnation, six years ago, the ships have been doctored by the wind and the rain alone, so they are not likely to be more effective than before. To be sure, one cruiser was sent to Genoa and there refitted and repaired; but as no money was forthcoming to meet the bill, the Italian authorities refused to send the vessel back.

The wheels of Russian diplomacy move slowly, almost imperceptibly, but in the course of years they cover a vast extent of ground, always in one direction. Insensibly we learn to say that no great event will happen in our time, and so run the risk of being taken by surprise. Students of the present trouble in the Macedonian vilayets know that Russia has frustrated the Russo-Austrian scheme of reforms by giving support to the Revolutionary committees. Money and material have come from Russia to the insurgents in large quantities and under conditions that make it impossible for Russian authorities to be other than cognisant of the transactions. While Russia holds up one hand in righteous horror when tales of bloodshed are told, she gives an insurgent gun and ammunition with the other, and exhorts the Turk to exercise his authority and make himself master in his own house. At Yildiz, M. Zinovieff encourages the Sultan to take steps that must bring about war with Bulgaria; at Sofia, Prime Minister Zankof, a creature of the Russian war party, advises Prince Ferdinand that war is inevitable. On both sides reserves are called out, mobilisation proceeds apace, reports calculated to stir an ignorant populace to fever heat are disseminated freely. How can these things end?

It is unlikely that Russia will allow the opportunity that Turkey's entanglement would give her to pass neglected. With the other great Powers faced by responsibilities that leave Russia untouched, with a Franco-Russian alliance and a necessarily neutral Germany to be considered, there seems but little fear of such a combination against Russia as would render her move to the south abortive. Even were a combination possible, would British sentiment permit a British Cabinet to embark this country in a war to uphold the Turk? There is a large, if not a well-informed section of the electorate that would rather see Russia in the Mediterranean than Turkey in the vilayets that make up Macedonia, though it is permissible to doubt whether Russian administrative methods would leave the Turkish variety far behind.



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FATHER WILLIAM DE SENECTUTE.

"Hi!" cried Father William testily, as I passed him on my bicycle, "stop a minute, can't ye? Allus do seem to be gittin' along that fast, ye've no time to stop an' talk to a pore ole man. I've suthin' to say to ye."

There was no help for it. I dismounted by the hedge that fringes the garden, and the veteran pointed with his stick to a dead rat lying by the door.

"Caught 'un this werry mornin', th' varmint," he said complacently; "an' I'm goin' to keep 'un fur to show th' squire. People says I traps birds, but it's a lie. I traps varmints; an' if th' birds comes into th' traps tain't no fault o' mine. I don't want 'em."

He leaned against the door, his long stick in his hand, the red cape showing underneath a heavier brown one, hat tilted rakishly over one eye, and he looked at me for a moment in silence.

"Come now," he said at last, "how old do ye think I am?"

"Twenty-seven," I replied wearily, for Father William asks me the same question nearly every time we meet on friendly terms, and none of my friends escapes.

"Lor no, Sir; ye're wrong," he said, shaking his head, "an' well ye know ut, though I'm older nor ye think. I was in me ninety-one this werry Tuesday's a week."

"Impossible!" I cry, feigning intense astonishment. "You don't look as though you were seventy."

"It's true," says Father William; "an' I'm not tellin' ye no lie. I'm too rightfor'ard for that. Man an' boy, I've lived in this parish all these year, an' sixty-five in this werry place, an' there ain't not no one ain't never found me out in a lie."

"Ninety-one," I repeat. "Wonderful!"

"Ye may well look mazed-like," says Father William. "So were th' clergyman, so were th' shepherd—wunnerful good man th' shepherd, though ye don't like 'un. 'E forgives ye, an' prays for ye, 'cos he said so. So did

there's a many wot thought they'd live longer nor me, but they've all been took, an' I thanks th' Loord."

"You're a great man, Father William," I acknowledged.

"So the shepherd said," cried the veteran, fixing me so hard with the eye that was not obscured by the hat that I did not dare to smile.

"I'm active in me ninety-one. I can go pesterin' about yet, an' if it's to be there's anybody neglects 'is wark, I tells 'un on it middlin' sharp. Old Jack, th' carpenter, came to mend th' gate th' other day, an' broke a bit o' th' post, th' fool, knockin' nails in. Swore at th' gate 'e did, shockin', but I set 'un right werry sharp.

"Go on wi' ye, Old Jack," I sez to 'im, "th' gate's older nor you, an' a better gate nor you're a man. An' don't you talk back," I sez, "or gi'e me none o' y'r back answers, for I knew y'r father afore ye were born, an' a poacher 'e were all th' days o' his life, an' went to jail for 't. An' if I was a younger man, Old Jack," I sez, "I'd do to ye as ye've done to my gate." An' 'e mended it, an' never said another word, th' varmint. I'm a pore ole man, in me ninety-one, but there ain't nobody shan't meddle wi' me, no, nor wi' me traps."

"You must have lost a lot of friends since you first took this cottage?" I said, anxious to turn the conversation from dangerous ground.

"Aye," replied Father William, "I ain't in me ninety-one fr' nothin'. They've all been took; I've seen one goo after t' other. An' a bad lot they were, many on 'em. I doubt there weren't a rightfor'ard man among 'em. Swearin', drinkin', loafin', many on 'em, like th' man what owes me all th' fruit-trees in y'r garden; an' ole Jack



Photo. Welch.

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th' squire, an' so 'e should; for I've been a rightfor'ard man by 'un, an' 'is father before 'un. Th' minister come up and says: 'Father William, ye're just th' veteran o' th' parish,' 'e says. 'Aye,' I says, 'that I am, an'

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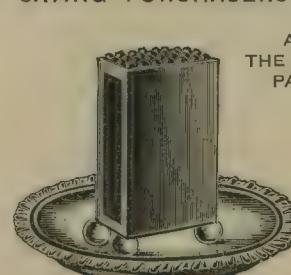


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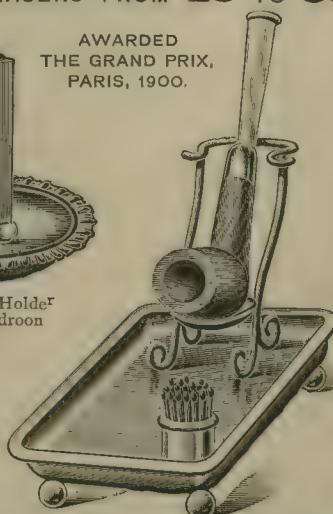
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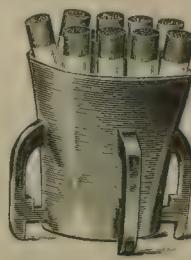
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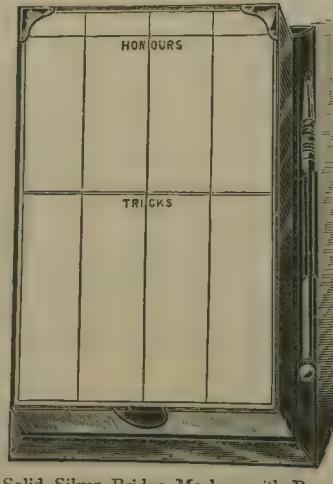
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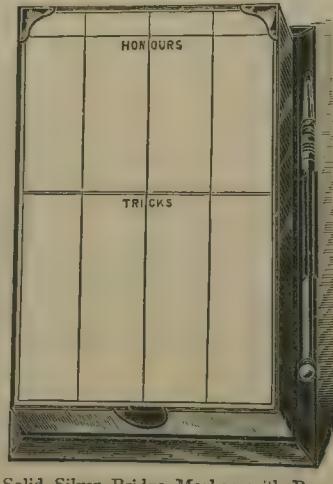
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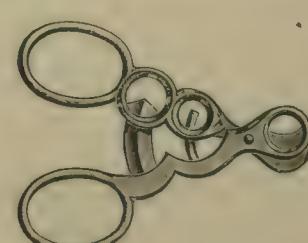
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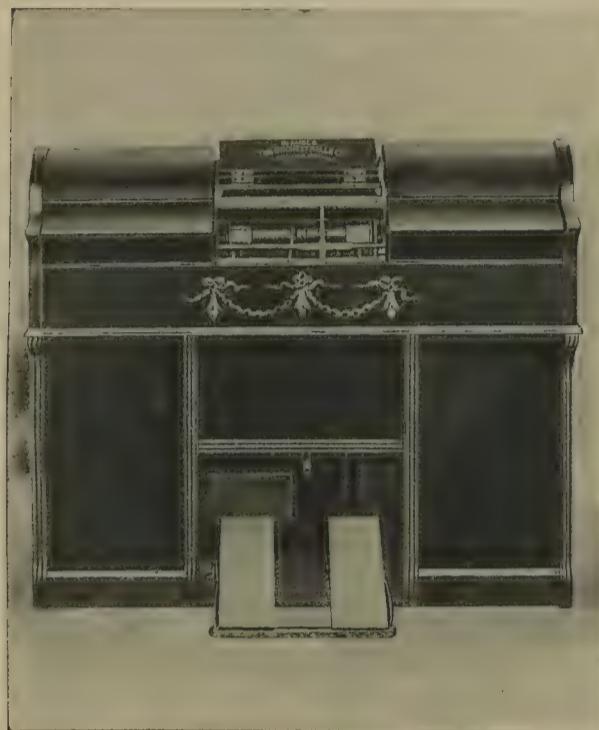
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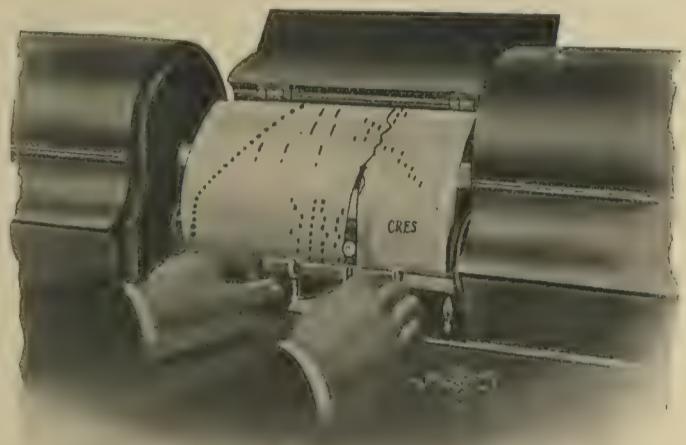


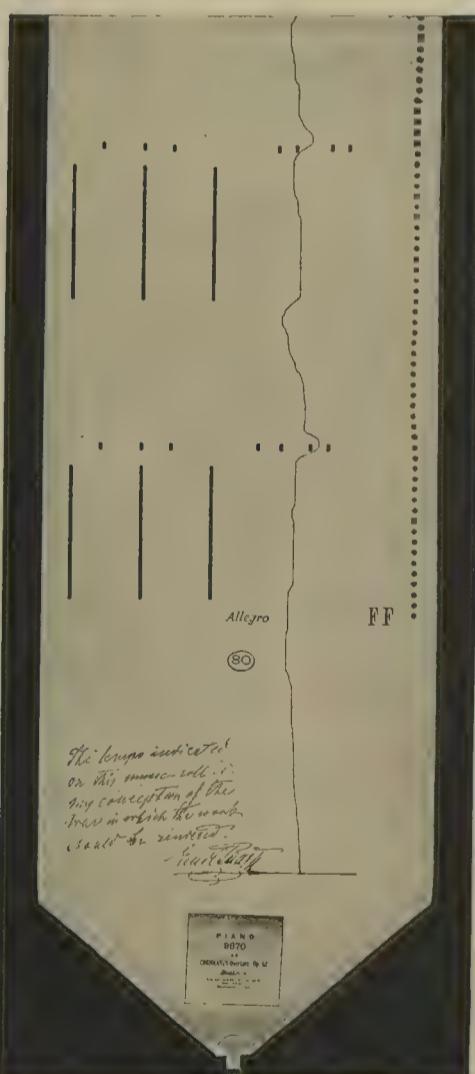
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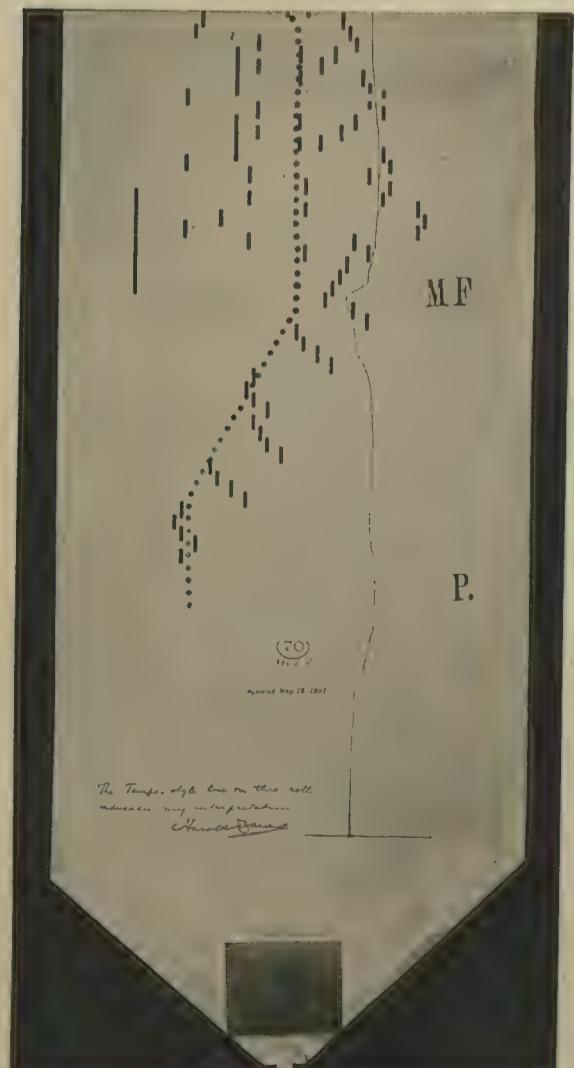
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MUSIC-ROLL SHOWING METROSTYLE MARKING BY HAROLD BAUER, AND BEARING HIS HOLOGRAPHIC AUTHORISATION.

Martin—what were nigh as old as me, an' gave 'imself airs, an' died two year ago in 'is eighty-eight o' th' drink. Never a Saturday night 'e weren't at th' Wheatsheaf — an' it killed 'un in th' end, and no wonder. Shepherd says 'e were cut off in the midst of 'is sin. 'E didn't like Jack Martin, didn't th' shepherd, for he were allus interferin' wi' 'un. Told th' squire that th' shepherd's lurcher caught rabbits. What was it to do wi' 'un? Th' squire don't shoot rabbits, he lets 'un to folk fr' Lunnon. Th' shepherd were quite right, an' two months after ole Jack Martin 'plained about that dog, 'e died, an' that's th' truth; an' th' shepherd says it was judgment, an' th' shepherd knows, 'cos he's allus prayin'; an' many a time I've 'ad a bit o' rabbit - stoo wot 'e's give me, fr' I can't champ no 'ard wittles, an' that's th' truth.

"Lor!" continued the ancient man, after brief pause for breath, "to think of ut. Sixty-five years I've been i' this werry place an' tended this werry garden, an' trapped varmints. An' all o' them what said 'Father William, don't ye do this, or don't ye do that,' or tried to make mischief wi' me an' th' squire an' there's many did, th' varmints—as been took, aye, an' some o' th' sons an' gran'childer of 'em. An' in all that time there ain't no man 'as raised better taters an' lettuces, an'

cabbage—no, nor tomatoes in good year, an' geraniums. There's many said they did, but it was a lie, an' that's th' truth; an' they've been took. An' there was th' old minister wot gave Jack Martin's taters prize over mine—at th' fair show in th' 'seventies; but, then, people said 'e drank suthin' crewel o'

lettices. 'I ain't never seen nuthin' finer,' 'e sez: 'they 'aven't any as large in Lunnon hisself.' An' 'e ast me for one and I give it to 'im, and he eat it then and there, and ast me if I could change a fi'pun' note. An' I couldn't, or 'e'd ha' paid six-pence for it 'an two others 'e took wi' 'im, an' 'e's comin' down 'ere all th' way it's Lunnon next Sunday if it's fine enough, purpose to pay me. No; Jack Martin's lettuces weren't never fit to put 'long-side o' mine; an' th' clergyman must ha' been—well, I won't say nuthin' about 'un, for it's not my way to speak ill o' folk—an' it never were, an' that's th' truth. An' if I live to be ninety-nine or over, nobody shan't say I ever did.

"An' I stopped ye to tell ye o' me birthday, for I'm a pore ole man, an' can't champ 'ard wittles; an' th' shepherd's comin' up to-night to pray wi' me, an' 'e says if ye like to come an' ear 'un ye may, for 'e bears ye no malice. No, nor any man; an' more don't I."



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Sunday nights, an' maybe that's why 'e liked Jack Martin, wot did th' same o' Saturdays. Anyway, they're both took. An' on'y last week young chap came down th' road on 'is bicycle, an' 'e seed me

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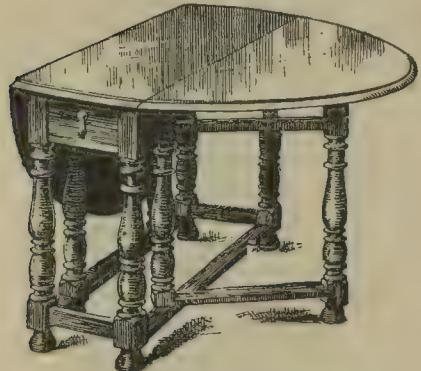
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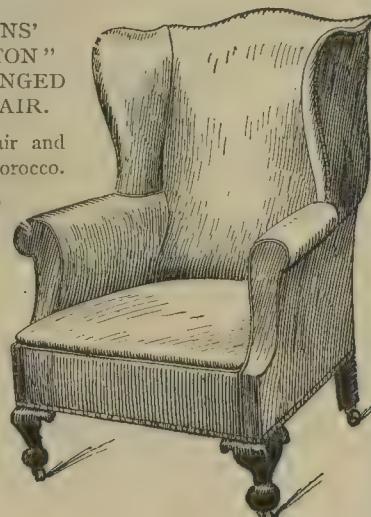


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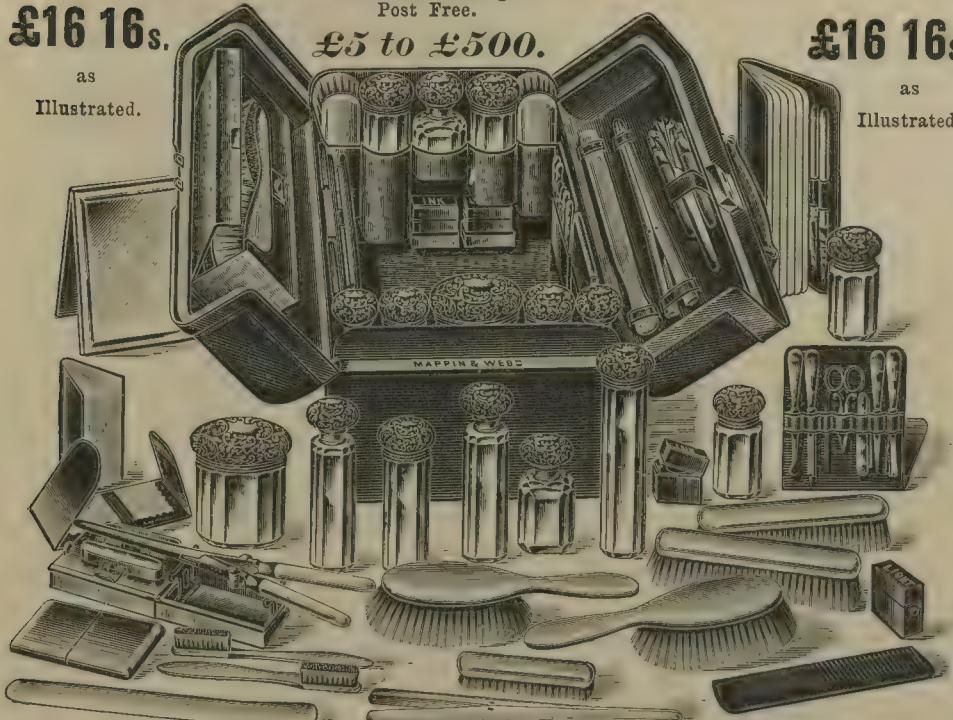
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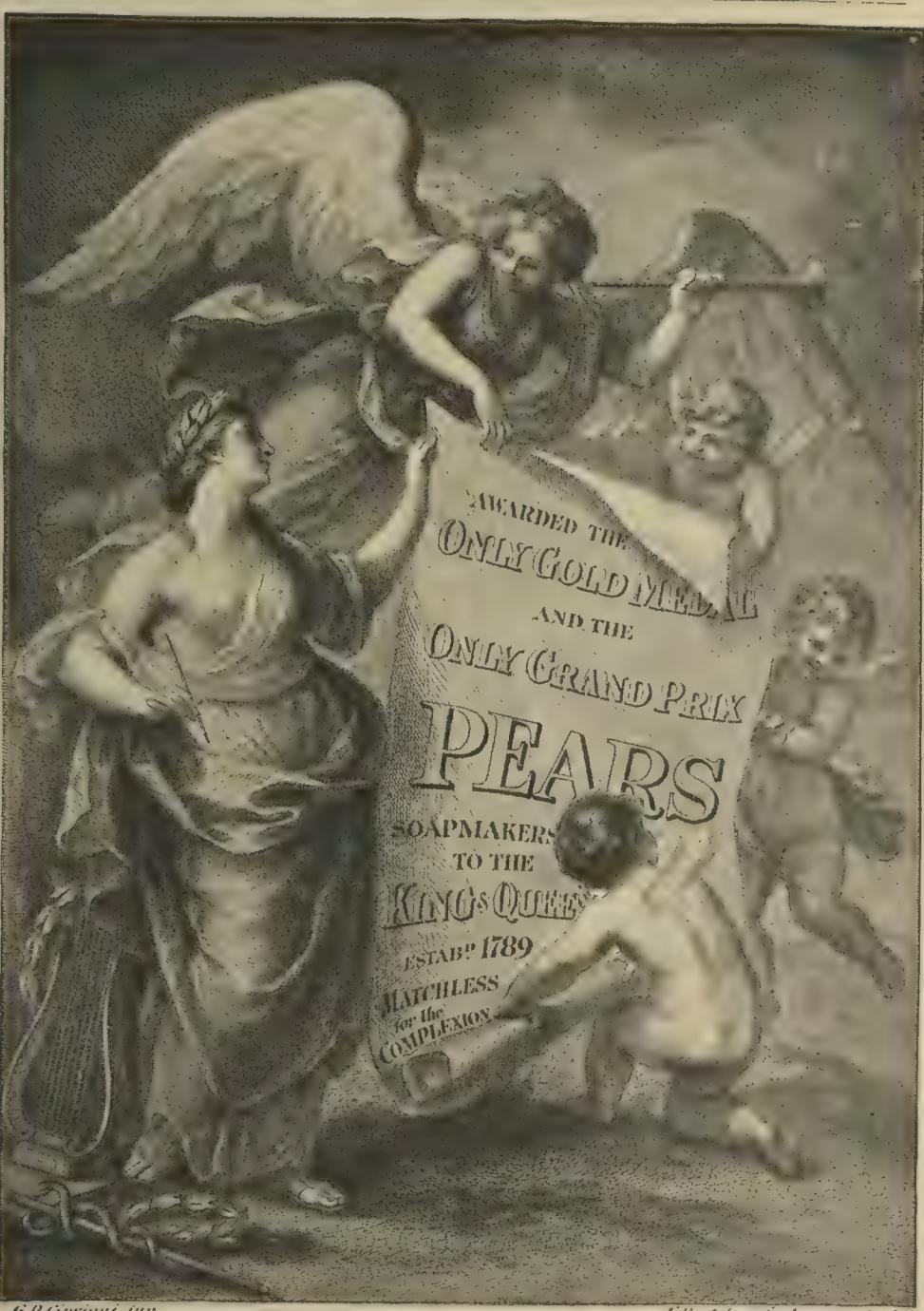


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MUSIC.

During the past week the Promenade Concerts have been very interesting. A symphonic poem by Mr. Rutland Boughton was given, which is stated to be not programme music, but an answer by Mr. Rutland Boughton to a passage from "Songs of Parting," by Walt Whitman, "Darest thou now, O Soul, walk out with me toward the unknown region where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow?" The customary Tschaikowsky evening brought a fresher and more delightful programme than is generally heard. The concert began with the Third Symphony, Op. 29, in D, which was first heard in the year 1899 at the Crystal Palace, but has not been often played since then. On Thursday evening there was a novelty in the programme, a "Suite Vénétienne," composed by Mr. W. H. Reed, one of the first violins of the orchestra. The suite comprises four pictures as they existed in the imagination of the composer: "Approaching Venice," "A Serenade," "A Gondola Song," and "The Carnival." The work as a whole shows imagination and some study of orchestral effects.



MR. BARRIE'S NEW PLAY: "LITTLE MARY," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

The Moody-Manners Opera Company, to the regret of the large audience of opera-lovers who cannot afford the summer prices at Covent Garden, has ended its autumn season. In the last week the most notable performance was that of "Tristan and Isolde," with Madame Blanche Marchesi singing Isolde. She was far more perfect than in her performance of last year, when an unfortunate lapse of memory was only triumphed over by the presence of mind of this great artist. She gave a most artistic rendering of Isolde, full of dramatic power and shades of emotion. She sang really beautifully. M. Arens sang the part of Tristan in a highly conscientious fashion. The rest of the company was admirable—Mr. William Dever as Kurwenal, Mr. Charles McGrath as King Mark, Miss Toni Seiter as Brangäne; while the conductor, Herr Richard Eckhold, was excellent. Altogether it was a praiseworthy performance. The past week also saw the postponed performance of Mr. Colin MacAlpin's prize opera, "The Cross and the Crescent." The most welcome item was Militza's "Butterfly Song," and much of Mr. MacAlpin's ballad and chorus work is highly commendable.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Bishop Jacob, who has been staying at St. Albans since his enthronement, will this month go into residence in the Essex portion of his diocese, as he wishes to become acquainted with the poorer and more populous parts of the county, which is usually described as London-over-the-border.

The Rev. H. St. John Woolcombe, Head of Oxford House, was expected to preach in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday evening, but he has been laid aside owing to the effects of a bicycling accident, and his place was taken by Prebendary Dalton, Rector of Stepney.

Canon Allen Edwards has written to the Church papers pleading earnestly that books should be provided for the younger clergy, especially such literature as will help them in their pulpit preparation. Has the Church of England no wealthy and generous layman, like Mr. W. P. Hartley, who has so often presented the ministers of the Primitive Methodist body, with which he is connected, with recent theological and expository books?

The truth is, as the *Record* mournfully points out, that a great number of the clergy cannot, in present circumstances, be book-buyers. Their libraries show scarcely any additions to the stock with which they began their ministerial lives, and with clerical stipends

at their present level it is hopeless to expect that they should do more.

Marylebone residents have learned with some surprise of the resignation of Canon Childe, who succeeded the late Rev. H. R. Haweis three years ago. Canon Childe had a very difficult task at St. James's, Westmorland Street, as the congregations had been drawn from all parts of London, owing to the personal reputation of Mr. Haweis. During the summer, especially, visitors from the provinces and America flocked to hear the well-known preacher and author, who understood so perfectly the art of sermon advertisement. Canon Childe came to London as a stranger, and his quieter methods did not attract the crowd. He is an earnest Evangelical in doctrine.

Archdeacon Wilkinson has been seriously ill. He had an accident at Devonport at the end of July, when he slipped on the stairs of the Public Hall. He was confined to bed for several weeks and is still unable to work. The Dean of Peterborough, I am glad to learn, has quite recovered and is expected to preach the harvest festival sermon at Christ Church, Merton Abbey.

Last Sunday was kept at St. Saviour's, Southwark, as the commemoration of Bishop Andrewes, who was buried there in 1626. There was a brief commemoration office in the Lady Chapel before the morning service, at

which the preacher was the Rev. E. M. Blackie, Rector of Limpsfield. The many visitors to the beautiful villages of Limpsfield and Oxted are fortunate in finding in Mr. Blackie a clergyman whose preaching is in every way above the average.

As the autumn advances the crowds at the City Temple on Sundays and week-days tend to increase rather than to decline. There is, indeed, a certain element of danger in the blocking of aisles and doorways by solid masses of humanity at every service. The doors are now thrown open at eleven o'clock on Thursdays, and even those who arrive half an hour before the time have the greatest difficulty in finding admission. Mr. Campbell is much better heard in the City Temple than in other London churches which he visits. His voice has adapted itself most successfully to his own building.

V.

The directors of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares of the company for the six months to July 31. The directors have also declared a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the five pounds 5 per cent. cumulative preference shares of the company for the six months to Sept. 25.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 11, 1901) of Mr. Walter Evans, of Darley Abbey, Derby, a director of Crompton and Evans' Union Bank, who died on July 11, has been proved by Charles Hugh Babington Elliott and Matthew Attwood, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £918,682. The testator bequeaths the income from £250,000 to his wife; £20,000 and certain property at Darley Abbey to his brother Henry; £20,000 to his brother John, and £10,000 to his wife, Lucy, and an annuity of £1500 on her husband's death; £20,000 Consolidated bank annuities to his wife's sister, Margaret Roscoe; £5000 to Augustus Littleton

Chetwode; £2000 to the Rev. Canon Ainger; £5000 to the Rev. Bentley Roscoe; £1000 each to the children of the Rev. Canon Carr, George James Curtis, Henry Martin Jones, and Nicholas Carill Worsley Tindal; £500 each to the children of Samuel Lewis; £1000 to John Peacock; and many legacies to godchildren, persons in employ of the bank, and servants. He also bequeaths £1000 to the Derbyshire Royal Infirmary; £500 to the Royal Deaf and Dumb Institution (Derby), and there are other charitable bequests. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, to pay one fifth of the income to his wife and two fifths each to his brothers Henry and John, and on their respective deaths their share is to be divided among the survivors.

On the decease of such survivor the ultimate residue is to be divided into five parts, one each for the children of Canon Carr, of Samuel Lewis, of George James Curtis, of Henry Martin Jones, and of Nicholas Carill Worsley Tindal.

The will (dated March 1, 1900), with two codicils (dated June 9 and July 11, 1903), of Mr. Frederick Woods, of Burrswood, Groombridge, and 44, Leadenhall Street, E.C., shipowner, who died on July 30, was proved on Sept. 18 by Robert Lawrence Brown and John James Dumville Botterell, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £146,477. The testator gives £300 each to his executors; an annuity of £400, in trust, for his sister Harriett Woods; and the Burrswood estate



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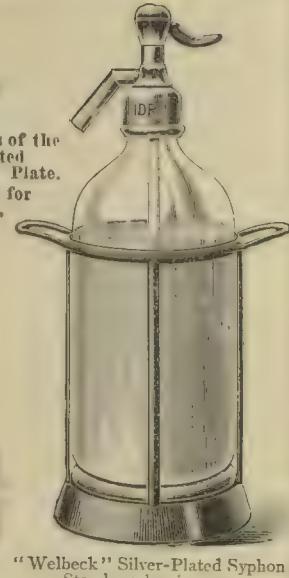
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to his son Frederick Vivian, but charged with the payment of two thirds of the value thereon, in trust, for his two daughters. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half to his son, and the other half, in trust, for his daughters, Helen Keith Woods and Mrs. Amy Beatrice Westmore.

The will (dated April 13, 1899), with two codicils (dated June 3, 1901, and May 10, 1902); of Admiral the Hon. Fitzgerald Algernon Charles Foley, of Packham House, near Fordingbridge, who died on July 26, was proved on Sept. 22 by Lord Kinnaird and William Frederick Brabant, the executors, the value of the estate being £25,356. After making appointments of various funds in favour of his wife and children, the testator bequeaths £50 each to his executors, and leaves the residue of his

property, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife during her widowhood. Subject thereto, he gives £1000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter Mrs. Frances Pearce Edgcumbe; such a sum as with what he has already appointed to her will make up £5000 to the trustees of the settlement of his deceased daughter Mrs. Adelaide Phillipa Godman; £1100 to the trustees of the former marriage settlement of his wife; and the ultimate residue to his four sons Cecil, Algernon, Francis, and Reginald.

The will (dated June 3, 1890) of the Rev. William Inge, D.D., Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, who died on May 23, was proved on Sept. 12 by the Rev. William Ralph Inge, the son, and William Maynard

How, the value of the real and personal estate being £22,789. The testator gives £300 and the household furniture to his wife. The residue of his property, including his marriage settlement property, he leaves, in trust, for Mrs. Inge, for life, and then as she shall appoint to their children.

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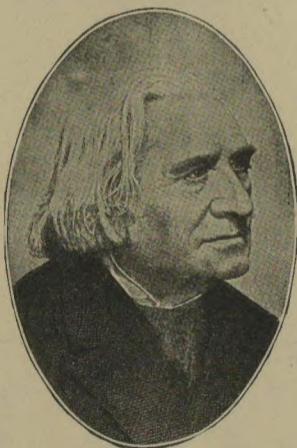
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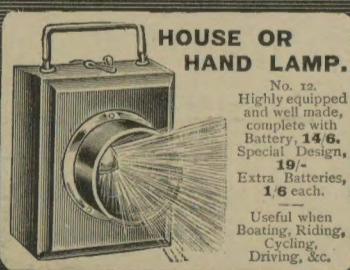
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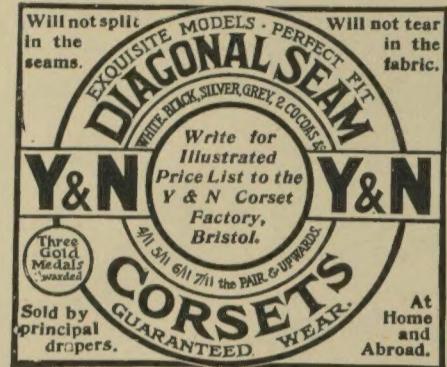
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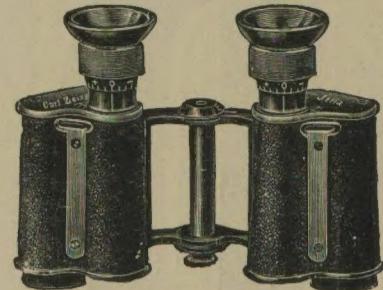
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